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CELEBRATING THE CAPITAL'S CENTENNIAL

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, SPEAKER HENDERSON AND MEMBERS OF THE CABINET WATCHING THE PARADE FROM THE REVIEWING STAND AT THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL ON DECEMBER 12



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EDITORIAL PAGE

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HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

IS SETTLED that the convention concerning the Nicaragua Canal, which was agreed upon by Secretary Hay and the British Ambassador at Washington, will not be sent to the United States Senate in its original form. The amendment, which was designed to give us a right to the canal against a national enemy in time of war, was passed by a very large majority, and, since then, even more trenchant alterations of the original text have been recommended by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and will be quickly pressed to a vote. A majority of the Senators have evidently arrived at the conviction that we shall go quite far enough in the way of disinterestedness and international comity, if we construct the canal at our own expense, and refrain from discriminating against foreign vessels in the matter of canal tolls during peace. Provided we were stronger than our enemy at sea, they say, we could always prevent him from using the canal, but not otherwise. Suppose, however, that an enemy were temporarily stronger in the waters adjacent to either of the entrances to the canal. Then he could use it or destroy it, unless it were effectively fortified. Of course, with the exception of Spain, the United Kingdom is the only European power with which we have ever fought—we have fought with England twice—and she is the only European power with which we are ever likely to fight. Not only now, but for many years to come, she is likely to be stronger, from a naval point of view, than we are in the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, or off the Pacific coast of Central America. It is possible aggression on England's part that we have in view, when we insist upon the right to fortify a canal built at our expense. If England and other European powers do not like to see an interoceanic waterway constructed and operated under such conditions, they can buy and complete, if they like, the Panama Canal, provided that, in doing so, they avoid an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States of Colombia have never ceded an inch of their territory to a European power, and could not do so without offending our own Republic. The right to cut the Panama isthmus was conceded to a private corporation. As a matter of fact, we are bound by treaty to protect the Panama isthmus from occupation or aggression at the hands of any European power. The London newspapers, therefore, which are talking about the British Government or a European concert undertaking to finish the work left undone by Lesseps are reckoning without their host.

THE CHINESE SITUATION

A SOLUTION of the Chinese problem seems to be at last in sight. It is true that, at the hour when we write, the British Minister at Peking has not yet been authorized to acquiesce in the terms of settlement agreed upon by all the other Powers. That, ultimately, England will assent is, however, taken for granted. It may be well, therefore, at this time, to examine the details of the proposal which will be submitted to China's plenipotentiaries, not, indeed, as an ultimatum in the strict sense of that word, but as a summary of demands from which the Powers are unlikely to recede. With these details, it will be interesting to compare the list of concessions which, we are told on good authority, the Emperor Kwang-Su has announced a willingness to grant. In its definite form the proposal adopted by the Powers is based upon the scheme outlined by M. Delcassé, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, but it has received important additions suggested by representatives of other Foreign Offices. To the Italian Minister at Peking, for instance, is due the somewhat ambiguous demand that careful attention shall be paid by China to her revenues, and that such administrative reforms shall be introduced as may enable her to pay the indemnities. Unless this provision is purely academic, a mere counsel of perfection, it means that China will be required to allow the likin, or inland transit tax, as well as the customs revenue, to be managed by foreigners, a demand which is certain to be stoutly resisted by the Chinese Government. Another amendment of the French draft recommended by the British Minister seems reasonable enough at first sight, for it insists upon such a revision of all commercial treaties between China and the Powers as shall render possible the opening of the Middle Kingdom to foreign commerce and the reform of its system of government. The Chinese plenipotentiaries will, of course, seek to learn how far the administrative reform contemplated by this provision is to be carried. The two most valuable additions to the French note were devised by Mr. Conger, the American Minister; they are intended to offer practicable guarantees against a repetition of the outrages to which foreigners have been subjected during the last year. The first of these new sections stipulates that in every province where foreigners have been killed ex-

aminations for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts shall be suspended for five years. To appreciate the deterrent effect of this provision, we should recall the fact that every Chinaman, who desires to become eligible for the Mandarinate, must pass successfully an examination in the district within which he was born, and, subsequently, in the province to which that district pertains; if he can bear these tests, he can afterward present himself at the national examination in Peking. Obviously, the safeguard hit upon by Mr. Conger will cause the inhabitants of a province to oppose with one accord the perpetration of outrages upon foreigners, lest they be deprived of their most cherished privilege. Still another preventive of mob violence has been contrived by the American Minister; to wit, the promise that, whenever a local magistrate, of whatever rank, fails to protect foreigners to the utmost of his power, he shall be cashiered by the imperial government, and never again be permitted to hold office.

According to a despatch from Tien-tsin, the Chinese Emperor is perfectly willing to erect a monument in Peking to the memory of Baron von Ketteler, and to send a member of the imperial family to Berlin to apologize for the murder of that Minister. The Chinese Emperor will also consent to the destruction of the land and sea forts between Shanhaikwan and Taku on the one hand, and Peking on the other, and to the occupation of the lines of communication from Taku to Peking by foreign troops. He further offers to covenant to prohibit the importation of arms; to abolish the Tsung-li Yamen, or Board of Foreign Affairs, substituting therefor a single Minister, and to allow the principal representatives of foreign powers access to his person at all times. As guarantees against a repetition of the recent outrages, the Emperor Kwang-Su will pledge himself to punish all officials connected with the Boxer movement, and not to allow candidates from places, where foreigners have been maltreated, to compete in the national examinations at Peking for five years. This last-named concession, it will be observed, is a very different thing from Mr. Conger's demand that both the provincial and the district examinations shall be suspended for a lustrum. The offer, however, shows a disposition on the Emperor's part to meet the allies half-way. Particular interest attaches to the method by which the Chinese sovereign desires to deal with the question of a pecuniary indemnity. He is willing, he says, to assess the damages recoverable by all the Powers collectively, including the amounts due to corporations and individuals, at 700,000,000 taels, which is equivalent to about \$350,000,000 in gold. This money he wishes to pay, however, not in a lump sum, but in sixty annual instalments. As he proposes to guarantee these annual payments by the likin, we infer that he means to collect this inland tax under a system similar to that applied by Sir Robert Hart to the customs revenue. This is by no means the mode of liquidating pecuniary claims upon which the Powers have counted. They have taken for granted that China would do now what she did after the war with Japan; to wit, discharge her indebtedness in block by means of a loan contracted in Europe. We have previously pointed out that China would be unable to obtain from European bankers an additional loan of even \$200,000,000, much less of \$350,000,000, unless her fiscal system should be completely revolutionized, and administered by foreigners. If such a drastic change should be insisted on, we could scarcely pretend that we were respecting China's administrative entity, a thing which President McKinley has pledged himself to do.

DOES THE CONSTITUTION FOLLOW THE FLAG?

IT WAS a very important address that was delivered on December 14 at the University of Michigan by Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States. We do not mean, of course, that the views expressed by him are conclusive interpretations of constitutional law. Even if he were still Chief Magistrate, he could not supersede the right of the United States Supreme Court to decide whether the Constitution does or does not follow the flag. It was only a provisional, and not a final, decision at which President McKinley and the Republican majority in Congress arrived when the Porto Rican bill became a law. Ex-President Harrison has as much right to condemn that measure as President McKinley has to approve of it, nor is there any doubt that the former's opinion would carry much more weight before a legal tribunal. Indeed, it is certain that General Harrison is, with the exception of ex-Secretary of State Evarts and ex-Senator Edmunds, the most distinguished lawyer in the Republican party. We do not hesitate to say that, if the Silver plank had not been inserted specifically in the Democratic platform framed at Kansas City, and if ex-President Harrison had delivered at mid-summer the speech which he made the other day at Ann Arbor, the subsequent campaign would have turned exclusively on the issue of Imperialism, and Mr. McKinley might

have been defeated. At this time, however, when the possibility of a disastrous monetary revolution has been extinguished, ex-President Harrison believes that he is performing a duty to his country and his party by setting forth at length, and with the utmost frankness, his views upon the momentous question whether Congress, in legislating for lands acquired by conquest or purchase, is bound to respect the Federal Constitution. The principal points made by him in his speech at Ann Arbor ought to be noted carefully by his fellow-citizens, and we believe that they will be pondered by every Judge on the Bench of the supreme Federal tribunal. Let us glance very briefly at some of these points. It will be remembered that the Porto Rican act is based on the assertion that Congress can acquire by treaty rights transcending those delegated to it by the Constitution. That is to say, Congress could acquire, theoretically, from Spain the right to tolerate in the Sulu archipelago human slavery, which is forbidden by our Constitution, as amended, and it could acquire from the Russian autocrat the right to abolish trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus, fundamental safeguards embodied in our Federal Bill of Rights. In a word, according to the view propounded in the Porto Rican act, a view adopted, it is well understood, with an eye, not so much to that particular island, as to the future treatment of the Philippines, the Constitution does not follow the flag, and Congress is at liberty to legislate for such acquisitions without any regard to constitutional restrictions. Ex-President Harrison holds, on the other hand, and it is said that ex-Senator Edmunds agrees with him, that a treaty is only valid so far as it is constitutional; that is to say, a treaty cannot give to Congress any powers which are withheld from it by the Constitution.

Ex-President Harrison argued very much as follows: The Congress, the Federal Executive and the Federal Judiciary are all created by the Constitution for the purpose of serving as governing agents of the United States. Thus created, their powers must be derived from the Constitution alone, and the definition of them by the Constitution must be heeded throughout the national domain. It follows that all constitutional limitations of the powers of the Federal Legislature, Executive and Judiciary must extend to every region and to all civilized people under the sovereignty of the United States. It is pointed out by the ex-President that, in the Constitution framed at Philadelphia in 1787, we read that Congress shall have certain powers, and again, that Congress shall not have certain powers, while scarcely did the Constitution become operative than a copious bill of rights was added to it by the exercise of the machinery for constitutional amendment. In the islands recently annexed, however, as they have been organized by Congress, it cannot be said that any bill of rights exists on behalf of the inhabitants of those islands, or any power of appeal from Federal legislation to constitutional guarantees. Under this conception of the transcendental privileges accruing to Congress by treaty, the utmost that we offer to the inhabitants of annexed territories is the consolatory suggestion that American citizens, being themselves free, can be trusted to deal benevolently with others. The blacks in the Southern States did not find this assertion justified before the War of the Rebellion. Ex-President Harrison gave an outline of the law that might be passed by Congress, should the United States Supreme Court decide that powers acquired by treaty may be exercised independently of constitutional restrictions. The law, as outlined, would violate every one of the pledges embodied in the Federal Bill of Rights. Such a law, for instance, might suspend permanently the right of habeas corpus, and the right of public trial by jury in Porto Rico. It might direct that any Porto Rican who should speak disrespectfully of Congress would be guilty of treason, and, on conviction, should have his tongue cut out. It might make Catholicism the established church of the island, and forbid any inhabitant to worship God after any other form. It might provide that all press publications should be submitted to a Federal censor; that public meetings for the discussion of public affairs should be prohibited and the right of petition suspended; that soldiers of the island garrison should be quartered in the houses of the people and that the commanding officer of the United States forces stationed in Porto Rico should have the right to search private houses. Such a law, finally, might impose a direct tax on Porto Rico for Federal uses, without regard to the island's population, and might enact that the tariff rates at San Juan should be fixed at 50 per cent of those levied at Ponce, while those at Ponce should be fixed at 15 per cent of those levied at New York. In fine, the view of the appalling implications and consequences of the Porto Rican act held by ex-President Harrison was summed up in the assertion that the man, whose protection from wrong rests wholly upon the benevolence of another man in Congress, is a man stripped of inalienable rights, and essentially a slave.

WAR CORRE- SPONDENTS

I HAVE KNOWN

A PERSONAL VIEW BY ARTHUR LYNCH, COLONEL OF THE SECOND IRISH BRIGADE



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

THE TYPE of war correspondent is undergoing a certain change, consistent both with changes in the conduct of war operations and changes in journalism. The near prototypes of our present war correspondents differ as much from those of to-day as Hannibal from Baden-Powell. MacGahan, for instance, was a great man, an explorer and a statesman. Donovan was a veritable hero of romance, who finished a wonderful career in the mystery of an unknown death—wallowed up in the eternal silence of the desert. Archibald Forbes was a great rider, something of a swash-buckler, not so "brainy" as the other two, but with a good sense of the broad issues of things.

Nowadays the great journals of both hemispheres prefer to send men who have made reputations rather in the world of letters than in the moving accidents of flood and fell. War talk becomes more "gossipy," more full of personal detail, of impressions of everything that will commend it to the ordinary reader of the newspaper, who sandwiches the enjoyment of a battle at his breakfast between the account of a society play and the successes of the latest American jockey in England.

I often wonder whether, with the immense enterprise of our newspapers and the enormous mass of literature provided in consequence, the boasted enlightenment of the public on great topics really occurs. For the news nearly always has such a decided bias according to the set of opinion, and the very mass of reading necessary to form a judgment is so vast that the public eye becomes "blasted with excess of light."

This is especially the case in such a matter of hot discussion as the Boer war, where all the world is partisan, and where prejudices and sympathies outweigh, by ninety-nine to one, good judgment and equity. Julian Ralph says all is black. Richard Harding Davis says all is white. And they both make their statements so eloquently, and with such an array of arguments, that the average citizen generally opts for one or the other and follows him blindly.

However, to come to the concrete. Mr. Winston Churchill is especially interesting to me, both for his achievements and his promise. He is not a stereotyped character; he is full of life; he has points; he gives play; he is abundant in human nature; he is a type of the winning young man of to-day. And to the amateur of types, or student of character, it is not essential that the type should conform to a rigid model, nor that the character should be capable of expression in a lapidary inscription. Churchill distinguished himself early in the war by being captured; and, later, still more by escaping. He had the courage and the wisdom to tell his countrymen that one Boer was equivalent in fighting power to five Englishmen, and he also said in the early stage of the campaign, "There has been a great deal too much surrendering in this war."

There was a period when he seemed likely to become even a Boer sympathizer, but after his escape from Pretoria one of his first messages was to the effect that the war should be conducted inexorably and uncompromisingly. Since his return to London he has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Tenth Hussars and the First and Tenth Life Guards against Lord Rosslyn, who assured the public, on the authority of certain unnamed English officers, that these crack regiments had taken to flight and had deserted their guns at Sanna's Post.

I was told by one of the Boers who was present at Sanna's Post, and who certainly had no prejudice against the Household Cavalry as distinguished from any other, that what happened was this: "It was properly Lemmer's fight," he said, "but De Wet got there before him. He let the English pass through a dry sluic, with a good part of their men and guns, his own men being kept in concealment in the sluic. Then suddenly he attacked and the English were seized with a panic, and it was only a running fight after that. We killed and captured over a thousand and only lost two men." I give the statement for what it is worth; but I would point out that even brave men unused to the country and unskilled in the art of war as it should be practiced, might easily fall victims to a panic under such circumstances. That was seen at Magersfontein, where one of the bravest regiments in the world ran like frightened sheep before the sudden and murderous fire of Cronje's men hidden in their trenches.

A most interesting episode of the war, and one which holds me in perpetual admiration, is Churchill's escape from Pretoria. In the first brief account which I read, it appeared that he left the State School prison at night, climbed a wall when the sentry's back was momentarily turned, walked through the streets without disguise, got through all the patrols, jumped on to the 11.10 goods train moving at full speed without attracting attention, hid under coal sacks, jumped from the train before dawn, remained sheltered in a wood all day with only a vulture for a companion, walked on at dusk, following the line, but with grand detours at the bridges and culverts, lived principally on chocolate for five

days, lying up in daylight and walking by night, and on the sixth day managed to board a train beyond Middleburg, hid under coal sacks again, and, in spite of the train being searched, arrived safe and sound at Koomatipoort after sixty hours of misery.

It is true that the Boer authorities told me that they had let Churchill go, as they subsequently let George Lynch go, and they even designated the detective who had arranged to have the door open for his escape; but then South Africa is a land of lies.

Kipling is too great a man to be dealt with in a section of a small article. I will only say that my admiration for his genius—as revealed, for instance, in the "Jungle Book"—suffers a rude shock when I peruse his latter-day heroic poems. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is little better than doggerel, and its extraordinary popularity in England should again warn us of the impossibility of obtaining a cool judgment on any aspect of this war from sources so steeped in prejudice. Kipling seems to have developed a tone of remarkable truculence in South Africa, and he advocates the most terrible measures; but I cannot think that this is serious. Kipling is good-hearted and sensitive; there is even a certain tone of decadence in his fire; and it is in vain that he whips himself up to fury to persuade us that he is a sort of second Weyler, or a man of blood and iron. These ferocities are merely verbal and artistic. The real ruffian seldom boasts of his brutality. Even a soldier like Kitchener is not averse of the fame which should accrue to him in his projected campaign of "pacification" in South Africa, for he begins by sending away all the correspondents. I doubt greatly that he would be pleased to be accompanied even by such an admirer of force as Rudyard Kipling.

Almost as famous as Kipling as a literary man is Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, and still more instructive is his account of matters at the front. Neither Rudyard Kipling nor Conan Doyle are war correspondents at all in the sense that the term was formerly understood. They have collected most of their information, and noted their impressions, at the second line. Conan Doyle's narrative is not only interesting to the ordinary reader, but the good Doctor takes in hand the military authorities and reads them a few lessons on the organization of an army and the conduct of war. In doing so he has been taxed in some quarters with presumption, but if a man speaks logically and to the point it is absurd to cavil at the uniform or gown that he wears. Conan Doyle looked at the business with the eyes of common-sense, and the operations of the army he followed, guided by stereotyped rules, properly obsolete for three-quarters of a century, were often so absurdly at variance with ordinary intelligence that his criticisms are all justified.

One of Conan Doyle's descriptions is worth quoting by way of contrast to that of Mr. Julian Ralph, which I shall subsequently cite: "It was only General Smith Dorrien's brigade. I watched them, rugged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry, struggling under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the prim soldier in the time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one." He speaks of them as "named like lions," and compares them to American cowboys.

All that makes a good picture, and Conan Doyle's book is altogether, in my opinion, one of the best published on the war. I would, however, express one caveat. He speaks of the war, some months ago, as being over. That is hardly consistent with the cry of some of the Cape papers and London jingo journals for greater forces, and their discontent with the premature disbanding of the Colonial troops, or with Lord Roberts' statement that not a man can be spared from South Africa.

Julian Ralph has of late been attacked by pro-English and pro-Boers, it appears, and he defends himself valiantly and says that by his impartiality he "will earn the disapproval of the microscopic-headed, insect-brained people." This is sweeping, and is very severe on myself as well as a good few Americans who were formerly his admirers. Julian Ralph is such a genial individual, his intentions are so good, and the result is sometimes so contrary to his intentions, that explanations



JULIAN RALPH



A. CONAN DOYLE

should be diligently sought. I have been reading his later articles, and dukes and duchesses and titled people generally dance about his pages in so free and volatile a manner that I fear his judgment is obscured in consequence. He speaks of London as "this vast city where dukes and lords and countesses roam about." He mentions a room in Bloemfontein where "dukes and lords now sit and toil with pens," and one can even feel the gusto with which he describes "Lord Roberts with his staff of famous noblemen." At Winston Churchill's lecture he is delighted with the rows of "dress suits and gay gowns."

Now, my own acquaintances have ranged from princes to pugilists, and I incline to like the pugilists best; but that, I daresay, is "insect-brained." There must be a special sense in that admiration for aristocracy and noble dress suits, and it must be very delightful to the possessor. We, on the Boer side, could never enjoy the intoxication arising from contact with titles, and this should always be accounted to us in mitigating our condemnation. We were only among our equals. And so it happened, possibly, that we took false views of things.

In Cronje's fight at Paardeberg, for example, we beheld a heroic band of men holding out against tenfold odds, pounded at day and night for a fortnight in one of the most terrible bombardments known to history, rained on, flooded out till the swollen watercourse carried hundreds of dead horses, dead oxen and many dead men on its stream; famished, yet fighting on till their ammunition had been expended, and yielding finally to the inevitable with a dignity which brought an expression of admiration from Lord Roberts himself. In Europe and America, Cronje was called the Lion of South Africa.

Mr. Ralph writes: "I never dreamed that there were on earth such filthily, dirty, tangle-haired, wild-eyed men existent. If I were at home and saw one such man coming down the street where I live, I would turn back and warn my people to take in their linen off the line."

Compare these words with Conan Doyle's description of the men he admired, and admired the more for the travel-stained, battle-stained marks that distinguished them. Mr. Ralph himself, in second thought, would hardly care to make such a comparison.

Among those who have earned the best reputation from South Africa, Mr. Richard Harding Davis should be placed in the front rank. I do not say it because he advocates the side for which I fought, but because he has looked at facts on both sides, fairly and squarely, and he has not been carried off his feet by the superficial aspect of things. He went out to South Africa Anglophile; he followed the operations of Lord Roberts' army, and then he proceeded to the Republics, where, with no reason to form a bias, he came to a deliberate judgment of the justice of the war and the character of the military operations.

One of the best types of war correspondent is George Lynch, who has recently added in China to the laurels gained in Cuba and South Africa. His art is a simple one. He gets to the very front and thence relates facts. There is a bluntness about his narratives which has been of detriment to him, for they are not only true, but they read like truth. He saw the war on the English side; he was taken prisoner, and afterward released by the Boers; and he said that the war was unjust. On his return to Durban, his license was rescinded.

And that reminds me of the conditions under which modern war correspondents work with the English army. They are, in the first place, under the operation of the Mutiny Act. Only a limited number are allowed to accompany the army, and the officer commanding makes the selection. It is stipulated that the correspondent have a written permit every time he wishes to go on the field of action or visit the advanced posts. The military censor, however, furnishes news of what is transpiring. The censor has the right to retain, expunge, correct, or even append, what seems to him justifiable. These regulations are not so onerous as they appear; for, generally speaking, the public wishes to hear only the bright side of their army's exploits, and the correspondents are quite in accordance with that view.



RUDYARD KIPLING



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



LOBBYISTS AT THE CAPITOL

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN STATUARY HALL DURING A SESSION OF CONGRESS

THE THIRD OF T. DE THULSTRUP'S DRAWINGS OF "POLITICAL AND SOCIAL WASHINGTON"



ATTORNEY-GENERAL JOHN W. GRIGGS

WASHINGTON

By WALTER WELLMAN

Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly



EX-SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD OLNEY

THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE canal treaty has so far been the sensation of the winter at this capital. Not in years has there been such an ugly feeling in the Senate over a bit of proposed legislation. The nearest approach to it was the Porto Rican bill of last winter, when grave and reverend Senators were well-nigh warmed to that point where they were ready to indulge in fistuffs in the cloakrooms. But during the Hay-Pauncefote imbroglio it has been worse; Senators have met one another with scowls and that sharpest of all cuts polite—"Mister So-and-So, good-morning." Fortunately, the holiday adjournment has come along, and in the festivities and sentiments of the season our statesmen may cool down and approach one another hereafter in a more Christian spirit.

But a heap of harm has been done. Every one knows what happened to the precious treaty; but that is not all of the story. As it looks now, the canal bill and the shipping subsidy measure have also gone by the board. Mr. Hanna was quite sure when he came down to Washington at the beginning of the session that he was going to have his shipping bill through before Christmas; but he hasn't passed it yet, and now the outlook is that he cannot pass it till another Congress shall have come upon the scene. The truth is, that the country has not been educated up to the subsidy point. The Democrats are hot against it; and what makes Mr. Hanna's road so hard to travel is the fact that a good many Republicans are afraid to go with him. "If Mr. Hanna could have contrived to leave the word 'subsidy' out of his scheme he might have won out," said a Senator whose judgment of public opinion and legislative response thereto is well-nigh infallible. It appears to be so. The American people are as sensitive to words and phrases as the tympanum of the keenest ear. Though almost every industry in America is subsidized in one way or another, they will not have subsidies under that title; though they go in for having almost everything else free, they do not extend their generosity to free trade; though they are expansionists in blood and imperialists in racial instinct, many of them balk when the phrase about the Constitution and the flag is uttered in their presence.

There was a hoodoo word in Mr. Hay's case, too. The word was "England." If that Hay-Pauncefote Treaty had been negotiated with any other Power—with Russia, or Germany, or France, or the King of the Hottentots—it would have passed without a word of angry comment. But not with England. It has taken some people a long time to discover the obvious fact that traditional hatred of England has not disappeared from the American mind. What a nation is taught in its school books and about the fireside for three or four generations doesn't melt away in the glow of a summer's sun. The hatreds and the prejudices of a nation are real and terrible things; just as "the dreams a nation dreams come true." Mr. Hay did not stop to think of all this. Neither did Mr. McKinley—for Mr. McKinley is as deep in the treaty mess as his Secretary of State. All of the Cabinet are in it, after a fashion, for the convention was submitted to them and they all agreed to it. None paused to consider that popular prejudice against England had robbed Mr. Olney of the tangible fruit of his Venezuelan swag. Mr. Olney played what looked to be a desperate game in that enterprise, but he knew the cards and the player on the other side of the table. He knew he should win. And when he had won, statesman-like, he tried to get some show, some trophy of his victory. So he negotiated the arbitration treaty and proudly sent it to the Senate. The Senate kicked it and spat upon it, and then Mr. Olney knew what the anti-English prejudice in this country signified. President McKinley and Secretary Hay found it out, too, when it was too late. They forgot that during the last year and a half, owing to events in South Africa, that prejudice had deepened and become more inflamed. The country was not educated up to the high level of a neutralized and altruistic canal, much less a canal of that sort with England pulling the string.

"Oh, yes, they'll probably ratify a treaty, after they get through amending it," said a member of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet while the canal convention was under consideration in the secret sessions of the Senate; "but I am afraid it will not be much of a treaty when they get through with it. I understand the amendment now most in favor reads like this: 'Down with the Queen and God save Ireland.'"

There are people in this town who accuse Mr. McKinley of cowardice in connection with this treaty business. They say he permitted his Secretary of State to get into the scrape, authorized him to go into it, in fact, and then refused to stand by him. The argument of these critics is that if the President had refused to listen to any suggestion of amendment, if he had declared the treaty was right and must go through exactly as written, and that any man who voted against it should have trouble with him as the chief almoner and civil service distributor of the party, ratification would have followed. Instead, they claim, the President put his ear to the ground and kept it there till that member was worn short; compromised at the first suggestion when he saw that public opinion was roused, and in the end left his poor Secretary of State hanging suspended between the heavens and the earth. But there is no justice in these criticisms. There was no power in the world great enough to have pressed that treaty through the Senate in its original form. The President did try, without getting ugly about it, but he soon saw that he was butting his head against a stone wall. Then, and not till then, did he compromise; and the man who will not give up and make the best possible terms when he is whipped is more fool than statesman. I happen to know that President McKinley's attitude toward his Secretary of State throughout this ordeal was manly,

considerate, beyond reproach. After the Senate had amused itself jumping upon the convention with its many heavy and ruthless feet, after it had thus disfigured that poor international child almost beyond recognition, Mr. Hay went to the White House. He said very plainly to the President that he was not angered because the treaty had been amended; he recognized the perfect right of the Senate as a co-ordinate part of the treaty-making power to revise that convention to suit itself. He was not petulant about it, and though disappointed he felt neither pique nor humiliation.

"At the same time, Mr. President," he added, "if I am in your way in the slightest degree, if I am interfering with the success of your Administration, my resignation is in your hands."

"I do not want your resignation," replied the President. "I have use for you but not for it. If this is a defeat for you, it is a defeat for me. It is a defeat for the entire Cabinet, for we all indorsed your work. I do not intend to resign because the Senate cannot agree with me. There is no reason why you should."

There is this to be said for President McKinley—he stands squarely behind and beside his Ministers. He does not leave them to bear the burden alone. He does not shirk his own share of responsibility. It was so in Attorney-General Griggs' case when the women of the land went after him about the army canteen. It was so when the newspapers made it sultry for Secretary of the Treasury Gage about the New York bank deposits. It was the same when Postmaster-General Smith had a turn about the frauds in Cuba. President McKinley loves the members of his Cabinet and is beloved by them; and he stands up to them as a President ought to stand.

Our diplomatic visitors wonder how we manage to get along with such a clumsy government as we have in this country. Take this business of treaty-making, for instance. They think we are very unscientific, old-fashioned, simple



POSTMASTER-GENERAL CHARLES EMORY SMITH

almost to the point of ridiculousness. Abroad, the head of the State and his Ministers conclude treaties. They do not have to take a purely diplomatic and expert matter to a Parliament or any other sort of a town meeting for permission to make a bargain about it. They simply go ahead, make the best terms they can, and sign the contract. But here the head of the State may negotiate a thousand treaties without ever knowing that he is going to get one through. As a matter of fact, not many do run the Senate gantlet. Mr. Olney's arbitration treaty was one example; Mr. Hay's canal treaty is another. But there are more. Pending in the Senate to-day are six or seven reciprocity conventions which the State Department, with infinite pains and patience, has been negotiating for several years; but most of them are in dusty Senatorial pigeonholes, and likely to stay there till forgotten. One of the most important of them, that with France, is held up because certain New England manufacturers of "snide" jewelry and certain New Jersey makers of knit goods think their business will suffer if the convention goes through. In the absurd system of doing things which they maintain at the Senate, and cling to as if it were one of the palladiums of liberty, two or three determined Senators may hold up a treaty indefinitely by the exceedingly simple means of being always prepared to give notice of a speech to be made upon the subject whenever any one presses for a vote. "Notice of a speech" in the Senate tradition is tantamount to infinity; the sun, moon and stars of legislation must stop in their course till that speech shall have been delivered. It is no wonder that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, left Washington in a state of mind a year or two ago. He had been talking treaty with President McKinley; all the differences between the two countries were to be adjusted.

"But if we conclude this treaty what assurances can you give me, Mr. President, that it will be ratified by your Senate?" asked Sir Wilfrid.

"None whatever," replied the President; "we can only promise to try."

"Then I think we'll not sign. Good-day."

A more serious question presents itself. It is, Will any American of the highest class care to take the Secretaryship of State in future? By highest class, of course, we mean in ability, character, ideals, reputation, achievement. Will the Blaines, Olneys and Hays of to-morrow care to humble themselves before the Senate? For it is well known to all of us here in Washington that the ruction about Hay-Pauncefote was one part rubbish, two parts railroad opposition to anything that promised to build an isthmian canal, three parts cowardly submission to a noisy but inept public opinion, and possibly four parts desire on the part of certain Senators to build up the power of their body and to humble the head of the State Department. Out in the country little is seen or heard of it; but here in Washington we perceive only too clearly that there is in the Senate an inner circle of shrewd, active men who aspire to making the upper branch the real ruling body of the government. They seize every opportunity to magnify the importance of the Senate, to minimize both the House of Representatives and the Executive. They are succeeding admirably. In this highly important matter of negotiating treaties they have taught the Secretary of State the lesson that the Senate is greater than he and that the Committee on Foreign Relations is paramount to the State Department. If this tendency continues much longer it will soon come to pass that no man of the first rank will care to go into the State Department and become a sort of striking bag for the more or less able diplomatists of the august Foreign Committee.

Sometimes one wonders how it is that Uncle Sam can command the services of such big men at such small salaries. There's Secretary Root, for example; he sacrifices a fifty-thousand-dollar income as a New York lawyer to slave his life away here for the government at eight thousand dollars with a rather poor carriage thrown in. Secretary Gage recently refused an offer of fifty thousand dollars a year to go to New York at the head of a big financial concern; it was tempting, and he considered it for a time, but with the help of the President he finally managed to put temptation behind him. Mr. Hay works like a hired man, and is abused like one, though he has fortune enough to live when and as he likes. Postmaster-General Smith can earn as editor three times the money he is paid by Uncle Sam; and so small is his salary at the head of the hundred-million-dollar Postal Department that he has to do odd jobs of writing for the magazines in order to make both ends meet and buy a few Christmas presents for his children. Uncle Sam is lucky to get such men at such terms.

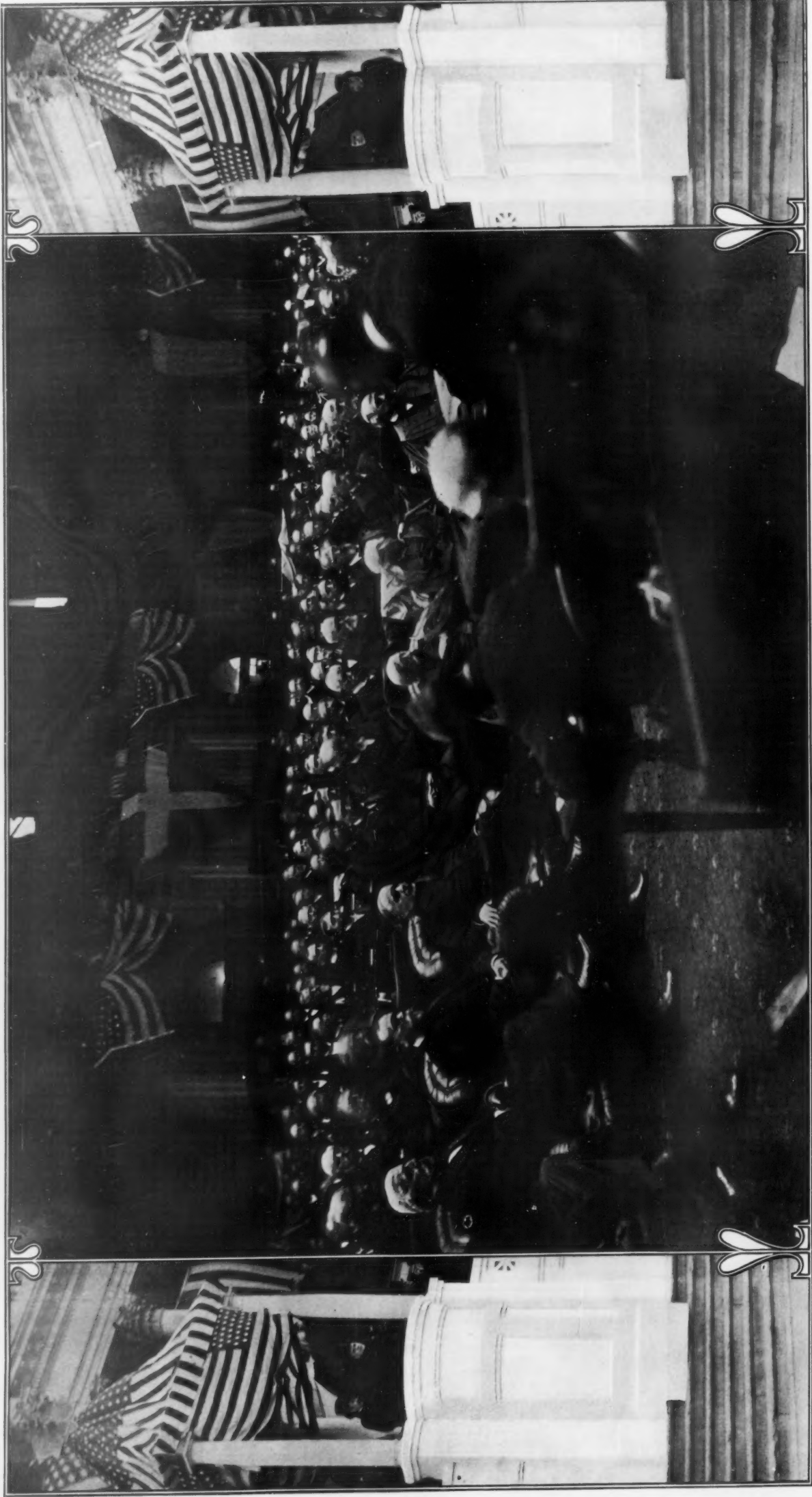
There appears to be some sort of glamour about public life in this capital. Those of us who live here and watch the wheels go round and get our taste of it and perceive how empty, fleeting and hollow it all is, marvel at it. Most of us would rather be a writer with a free hand than a ruler so-called who is everybody's servant in fact; though, of course, there's no accounting for tastes.

Perhaps it's the society. Washington society does exercise a peculiar fascination over both sexes. Year after year a greater number of rich people come hither from all parts of the country to "break in" and cut a dash and sample the joys of real high life in the governing city of America. So much is this so that real estate in the strictly fashionable parts of the city has been boomed to almost prohibitive figures by these incomers with their millions and their ambitions. Western millionaires, mine made, appear to be especially susceptible to the charms of Washington society. One of their number is here now, doing his best to get to the front. His first investment in that line was characteristic of the good business man. He hired a social swell at so much per week, and the swell's function was to see that his employer got in and walked straight after he had made his entrée. For some reason things did not go just right. The millionaire did not get in; and most of the invitations which he sent out were not responded to. Then a discovery was made. The millionaire's social agent, supposed to be a social leader, was himself merely hanging by his eyelids to the thin edge of the social fringe. Now the rich man from the West is doing better; he has a Senator's daughter to pilot him through the byways of Washington society, and he may be happy yet.

That is one thing people like about Clark of Montana. When he came down here as Senator, with a cloud over his title, he had sense enough not to try to plunge into society. He made no efforts in that direction. He did not even give dinners and put Senators and other important people to the bother of finding out whether they wanted to accept or not. It must have been a temptation to Clark, with his millions, his desperate fight for his seat, and the consciousness that here is a society which falls down and worships the golden calf with a most abject idolatry; but he refrained, and in his considerate reticence he earned the good wishes of many observers.

Clark is a peculiar man. He is a bundle of nerves. He can't stop work. He carries on all of his manifold business enterprises. He dictates two or three hundred letters a day. He trusts as little as possible to subordinates. When he doesn't feel very well he rushes to the other end of the continent and buys another mine or builds a new railroad. His income is fifteen millions a year. "In business Clark is an eagle, in politics a pigeon," says one of his Western colleagues. His two passions are business and politics. His two amusements are pictures and pedestrianism. Late at night, or in the early hours of the morning, no matter what the weather, Clark may be seen walking the streets of Washington with a quick, nervous tread. When he can't sleep he gets up and takes a walk and thinks out a scheme for making another million or two.

GOVERNORS OF TWENTY-SEVEN STATES, DIPLOMATIC CORPS AND SENATORS



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND SECRETARY ROOT

SECRETARY OF TREASURY, LYMAN J. GAGE SECRETARY OF STATE, JOHN HAY

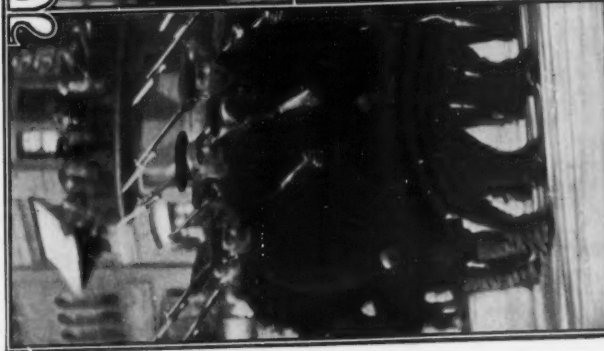
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER AND ASSOCIATES OF THE SUPREME COURT
THE CELEBRATION EXERCISES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

REVIEWING THE PARADE AT THE CAPITOL

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON

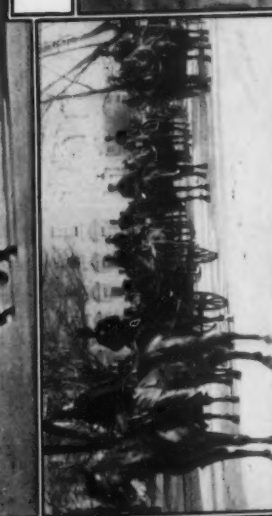
JACKIES IN THE PARADE



GENERAL MILES REVIEWING THE PARADE



THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY



PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS



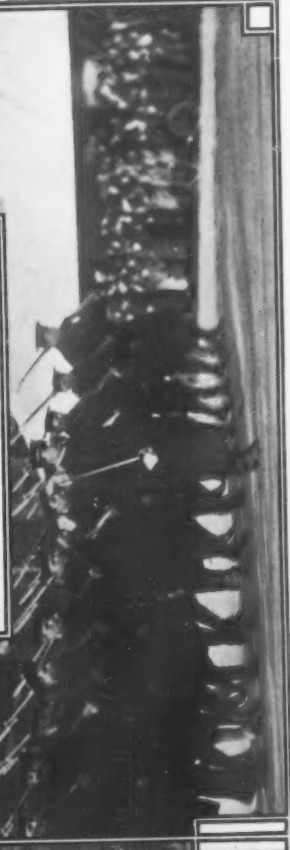
SOME OF THE VISITING OFFICIALS



GOVERNOR LOUNSBURY OF CONNECTICUT



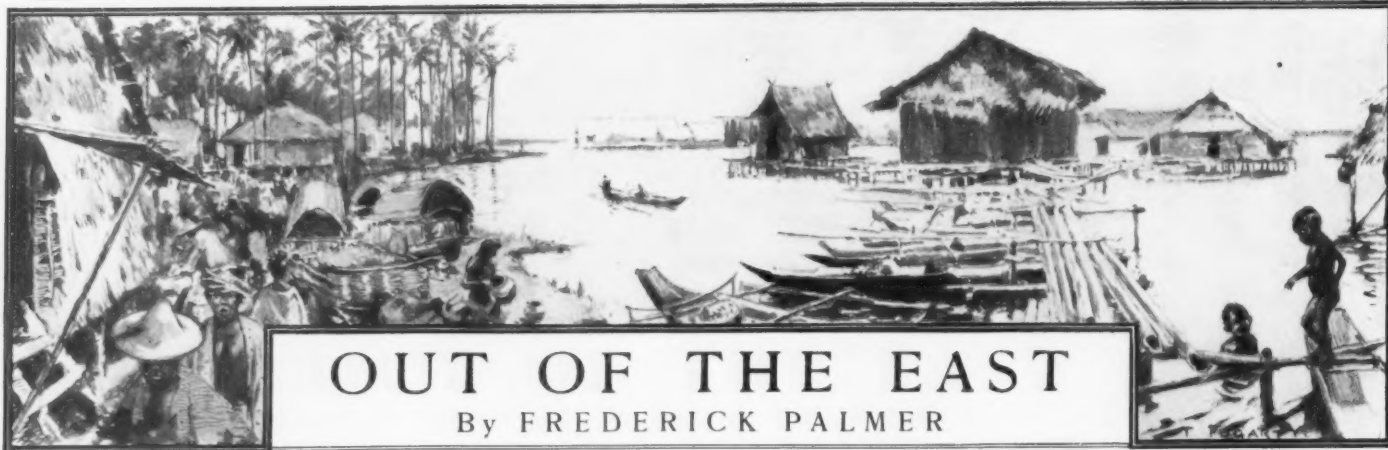
SEAMEN OF U.S.S. "DOLPHIN"



NATIONAL GUARD, D. C., AND SPANISH WAR VETERANS



CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON



OUT OF THE EAST

By FREDERICK PALMER

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES, BASED ON OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE IN THE ORIENT, BY THE WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER, FREDERICK PALMER, FOR TWO YEARS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

II—AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE



IN THE MORNING AFTER THE fight at Dangwan River, a man, whose stature and physiognomy were distinctly not those of a Filipino, avoiding the open places and going under cover of thickets and gullies, came to the deep fringe of foliage which shades the main highway connecting Bacoor and Imus, in the Province of Cavite. He carried a Mauser rifle and a cloth bandolier of native

make full of cartridges. His dress—that of a Spanish soldier, even to the miserable rope shoes—could not belie, on closer examination, his nationality, which was American.

He looked up and down the road and listened; finally, he looked behind him and listened, before he started to cross. He was barely on the other side when the sound of hoofs in the distance made him leap behind a mango tree and cower in the crotch of two of its great projecting roots while he waited fearfully for the coming of a patrol of his own countrymen. Not until they were past did he, with a great sigh of relief, so far expose himself as to have a peep at the cantering group. A glance was sufficient to make him fall back with a groan and bury his face in his hands. He had recognized the leading figure as his own colonel.

"God A'mighty!" he exclaimed. "It was hard enough without that!"

He remained for some time in this attitude, an easy prey for pursuers if pursuers he had, again fighting a battle in his heart to preserve a resolution. When he arose he had more than ever the air of one fleeing from peril behind to a precipice beyond.

He made his way rapidly, treading as softly upon his rope soles as if they were moccasins. By five in the afternoon he was in the suburbs of Manila, where he threw his rifle and cartridges into a ditch. Once in town, he pulled his straw hat well down over his eyes. His garb and his black, straggling beard made it easy for him to pass as one of the many Spanish soldiers enjoying liberty after their release from the hands of the Filipinos by the advance of our forces.

The Spanish soldiers themselves must have thought that he was an orderly going on a life-and-death message. His speed increased with his fear that he might be detected before he could speak with the one for whose ears he had been framing a narrative during the last thirty-six sleepless hours. He passed the length of Calle Real, then over to Calle Nozalea, which he crossed to the opposite side of the street from Mrs. Gerlison's. As he went by, the only outward evidence that he had any interest in her residence was a sharp glance. Assured that there was no one on her porch, he turned at the next crossing and soon was at her door, expectant, with head bared. She came herself in response to the knock at the great sliding windows which were literally one side of the lower story of the house.

"Can I talk to you—a little?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"To me? What about?" she queried, shuddering slightly at the sight of this unkempt man, with his deep-set eyes and the prominence of his high cheek-bones enhanced by the hollows beneath them.

"I guess you don't remember me, I've changed so," he said.

"Or—is it that you don't want to?"

"Of course I do. It's Sergeant Kanley!"

"Yes, and I've come to you first. You're the only lady in the regiment I'd dare to come to or I'd want to come to—if you'll give me just a few minutes."

For many years she had known Kanley as an efficient and trim non-commissioned officer. His face told her at a glance that there was far more behind his case than the circumstances related at the time of his disappearance attested.

"Certainly. I always have time to listen or to do anything to help any one that I can in the regiment."

She showed him into her sitting-room, to a seat in a comfortable chair facing the window, through which the light of day was still streaming.

"I ain't deceivin' myself," he said. "I ain't askin' pardon. I know by the law o' the land, the law o' God, the law o' nature, I deserve no mercy."

At this statement she was a little surprised. But she was too experienced a listener to make any remark.

"I had a squaw for a gran'mother on one side and a Mexican for a gran'dad on t'other. It's the little Injin and the little Greaser that's the devil in my blood. The rest's all right. It's that that's kep' me straight, that that's kep' me out o' trouble when the Injin and the Greaser got me drunk in Arizona—you remember?"

She nodded.

"And I lost my chevrons and got six months' pay, and thanked God that the ballast o' the white man's blood kep' me from doin' murder, just as it kep' me from joinin' the Apaches and goin' to hell gen'rally. Ever since that, when

I seen a Greaser or an Injin it seems to me as if I seen my own shadow that I was tryin' to get away from and couldn't. But mebbe I'm wastin' your time. Mebbe you think I'm a long time comin' to the point. I'm sayin' it my way, the way I've reasoned it out."

"That is how I want you to say it, so don't try to hurry," replied Mrs. Gerlison; while she thought: "And perhaps it is the centuries of Mexican confessional sounding down through the string of heredit, sometimes mute for generations only to become unexpectedly resonant, which makes you now seek to unobscure your story where the white man would be his own counsellor."

"Oh, you don't know the hell thoughts I used to have at Reno," he continued, "while my face was a mummy with duty and teachin' rookies regular to put their heels together. But there was the Greaser and the Injin, the shadow hangin' round remindin' me what 'twas to be sloppy, dirty, God-forsaken. I was on t'other side, teachin' others to keep the step o' t'other side. It's easier to stick to the road when there's a wagon behind than if you're out o' harness. When I looked into the face o' a Greaser or an Injin I said, 'That's me. No, that ain't me, 'cause I've got Uncle Sam's harness on.' A drink over a bar 'longside a Greaser and I heard the bar-rieks—that's home to us old regulars—where things smelt sweet, a-cillin' me, and I never went further'n one drink. I knew better. If I'd took two, then the Injin and the Greaser'd got me.—Well, it—it's dif'rent out here, ain't it, don't you think?" he asked pleadingly, as he worked the brim of his hat nervously between a thumb and forefinger.

"Very," she replied. "Go on."

"The harness seems to hang loose and there don't seem to be much of any roads. Barrieks? Humph! Nips huts that's same's all other nipa huts. There's the monoton'y and the homesickness—allus the homesickness—eggin' one 'nother on. There's the heat drivin' you to one place to get cool and then drivin' you to another. There ain't the shadow a-followin', and when you get off the road nothin' to remind you it's the Greaser and the Injin that made you stray."

He paused.

"Yes," she said.

"What's it leadin' to, you're wonderin'? It's leadin' to the woman!" he said, with hatred flashing out of his black eyes. "Of course it's leadin' to the woman—leadin' to the woman, and where she led me to. Leadin' to hell!"

"So your story, as it has been from the beginning, traces the wrong back to our sex."

"No!" vehemently. "Back to the Injin and the Greaser; back to the plain cussedness of a man which makes him pass by good women a-followin' the wicked one. I couldn't say then. I can't say now, whether her face's perty. That ain't the point with her kind any more'n a perty ankle is. It's somethin' down deep—the taint which a white man left. The first time she looked into my eyes she began playin' with the Injin and the Greaser. She was goin' into Cavite from Paranaque and she had no pass."

"I spik In-glisch, Mister Sergeant," she says, laughin'. "My father he In-glisch sailorman. My mother she don't know. She meet my father. Bimeby she know a great much. She live Cavite. Please me go—one girl. You no care—see my mother."

"The Injin and the Greaser says to let her go, and I let her go when I had no business to. Yes, her dad was English, the kind that's kicked out of the white man's world, and then kicked from port to port in the Orient; quartermasters of traders that passes the cussin's they get on to the Chinos, Malays and Lascars under 'em. And it happened he left an heir to his iniquity in Cavite and went off to crimes in fresh fields without leavin' her upkeep. And she knew it. God A'mighty! how she knew it! It didn't take her long to find out that she'd got in her what the Gugu ain't got. It's the same thing that's in the bowels of a steamer or in a bandolier o' cartridges which look innocent 'nough—force. With it she had the Gugu's cunnin', and that makes a kind of devil that can do things."

"She kep' comin' 'round and talkin' and talkin'. One day she'd say, 'Me good Americano,' and the next, laughin' just as hard, 'Me good insurrecto. Viva Aguinaldo!' All the time she was gettin' information for the insurgents. All the time she was readin' all I thought. One day I was tellin' her what fools the Filipinos was. I'd often reckoned it out, after we'd drub twice our number out o' trenches by front attack, how easy 'twould be, if the Gugu had a man with sand in his craw, to drive us back. All they had to do was to lay to it and keep on firin'. But they always ran soon as we charged, 'stead o' takin' that as a signal that we was all plain targets in the open and pump it into us. I ain't the only one that's said that. I guess it's been talked in every officers' mess and every canteen in the islands. I talked it like the rest, not thinkin' of it as anything but talk till the Injin and the Greaser and the woman began their partnership."

He shifted uneasily in the chair, as if he had come to a point in his story where he was at a loss for words.

"Then Busher, the second lieutenant, just out o' civil life and no good—"

"He was your superior officer," she said promptly, "though I must say I don't think very highly of him."

"So help me, I'll say what I think. I've trained a few second lieutenants, but I never seen one less willin' to learn or that had less to begin with as a basis. He swore at me a good deal. That's another thing that ain't the way it was at the posts, where the colonel wasn't too busy to keep an eye out. It's the thing, some think, to swear at sergeants out here. This particular time he ripped me up like I was a lazy nigger in a cotton patch for his own mistake. The Injin and the Greaser, who know what growlin' and riot is, but don't know what discipline and order is, rose up and made me feel's if I couldn't stand it any longer. Yes, I could have killed him; when if I'd only seen that shadow that was followin' me here and there at Reno I'd said, it's the law o' the army, and if I hold my peace and do my duty it'll be worse for the lieutenant than for me in the end."

"Ten minutes after that the woman came slippin' up. She'd overheard the lieutenant cussin' me out. She just leaned over me and talked. I can feel her breath on my cheek yet. She told me she knew I was like herself. She could see it in my face. I wasn't all white, and people that wasn't all white was outcasts. They wasn't meant to serve white ner black, but to pay the world the revenge they owed it for makin' 'em mouglers. I must come with her. I'd be a general—we'd rule together."

"I've talked all 'round it and I've talked up to it and yet I ain't explained. I can't explain. I dunno how it happened, 'cept I'm a baby, a Greaser, an Injin and a traitor. I went. That's the whole thing. I went sneakin' 'cross the fields with the rifle the gov't gave me—went against my country after twenty-five years in harness. She was takin' me to Das Marinas, where I was to drill the Gugu army. That first night we slep' at Cavite Viejo. Toward mornin' I woke up with the Injin and the Greaser all out o' me. It wasn't too late, if I could dodge the Gugu patrols, to get back and explain how I'd been captured and escaped. I got out o' the door, but I hadn't got to the road when the woman stood before me mockin' me with her smile."

"You walk your sleep, eh?" she says, though I could see she knew what I was thinkin' 'bout. She talked and talked, and the Greaser and Injin heard and come back. It wouldn't have done any good if I had gone on. She was prepared for any backslidin' and had established guards all 'round. The Greaser and the Injin had me for good then. The next day I was at Das Marinas, and they made me a full colonel and rigged me out in a captured Spanish uniform, which is a great treasure with them. I didn't tell 'em my real name. There was just 'nough white man left in me for that. I took my gran'mother's name, Dark Cloud. My gran'mother! I can 'member her sittin' in a shack mumblin' fortunes for a peso apiece to the Greasers."

"So I started out to make soldiers out o' the little black runts Aguinaldo calls his army. They knocked my theories into shucks. I'd allus said, gimme time and I can make a soldier out o' 'most anybody 'cept a rooky out o' the slums that's been spoiled in a milishy reg'ment. I take it back. It applies only to white men. A white man can be as wicked as any body. But he's got somethin' a man with yellor, brown or black skin ain't got—somethin' that's been built up by centuries o' havin' to build houses to keep out the cold, I guess. I tried to treat the hayfoots and strawfoots they brought into the square to be drilled as if they was white. Their own officers didn't, you bet. There was no squad. The rookies was put in company first off. If they didn't toe it off right they was yanked out o' line and a black snake laid on their backs. One day a little, withered turkey-cock of a colonel—they're all colonels, the officers—ran his sword into a poor little Gugu who had all his wits scared out o' him. I couldn't stand that, so I slung the runt 'round and chucked him into a ditch. I expected to be killed by the rest of the Gugu's then and there. I would have been, I guess, if the woman, who never let me get far out o' her sight, hadn't sprung to my side like a cat. She harangued 'em and called 'em cowards and pigs, and we went off together. That night she slep' at my door."

"Maybe they try to kill you. I'll watch," she said. "To-morrow I make it good so you no have man who want you die."

"The next day the fellow I slung into the ditch, meanin' it for his good, was assassinated 'long with two of his friends. That's the way they run their dear republic."

"You no more Americano," said the woman. "You mestizo (half-breed) now. You must stick these pigs, 'meanin' the rookies. They no think you a Don."

"So I slambanged the rookies about in a way that if I'd done the same to white men, after it was over I'd been still all one piece but perty soft. And they liked me and thought I was a great man. I wanted to teach 'em to fight out in the open, 'stead o' diggin' trenches. The trouble with trenches is that they're so hard to move when t'other fellow comes



"I'M GOIN' TO QUARTERS AND GIVE MYSELF UP NOW"

'round on the flank. But the Gugu can't fight 'thout he stands behind somethin', any more'n he can use his fists 'stead o' a knife. So we built trenches; that is, the fellows that hew the bamboo and plant the rice built 'em, with the turkey-cock officers struttin' 'bout and puttin' the fear o' God into 'em. We had a mile of trenches on the Dangwan River by February 1st.

"'Americanos come to bank. No can swim river. We kill all," says the turkey-cocks.

"'Bout this time the woman and I was married by a Gugu priest. As we come out o' church with a crowd and all the fixin's, I noticed an old Spanish padre on the balcony, smilin' at me a smile with jaws set and eyes half open. 'Twas plain enough he'd seen some o' the world besides the Philippines. The Gugu held him prisoner, but they was half 'fraid o' him. He spoke to me in the lingo o' the Mexican border, which the girl couldn't understand.

"'You—you—you mongrel," he says, 'who has broke the white man's faith, was your mother an Apache or a Yaqui?' 'It seemed's if he'd come all the way 'cross the seas to say that to me. God A'mighty! How it went home!

"So we mustered our army. Oh, it was a great army! It had a bugler that could do the trills 'most as well as old Johnny Tubbs of the Third. It did the manual of arms all right; it could form a line of skirmishers all right, and Lord! how it could cheer! But it had no sand in its craw.

"Just after we heard the Americans was goin' to advance in two or three days. The woman says:

"'You tell the pigs fight. Make grand speech. No go yourself—no, no!

"'She was 'fraid o' nothin' herself and I couldn't understand.

"'Why not?' I says.

"'I love you,' she says. 'I no want you killed.'

"'I told her I must or my army—O Lord! my army!—'d run.

"'They run always. The pigs run always when white man come. No can help. They run and leave you alone.'

"'I reminded her how she said we was to win victories and rule, and she says, smilin':

"'I say many thing when you mad your lieutenant 'cause I want you come. We go always together. We go back, back, back when Americanos come. Bimeby no room on island for us. Then we go Singapore, not?

"'With that some o' the white man come back to me. She see it did, and she talks and talks and says she's only jokin'. And the white man ain't lef me since. It's kep' a-fightin' with the Greaser'n Injin, makin' a hell o' my insides that it seemed 'd soon burn me up. But there's just as much fuel left so far's I can see, as there was at the start-off.

"The woman'd been by my side in the fight if the Americans hadn't come a day sooner'n we expected. I oughter known they would. It's the way o' the Service. And it was in the nature o' justice that I had to face my own battalion, my own comp'ny—my own messmates. I could see 'em comin' out o' the bamboo and I let 'em, 'thout givin' the order to fire. Two or three times I tried to give it and the words caught in my throat. A turkey-cock officer looked at

me and says, 'Are you betrayin' us?' and I told him to pass the word. Our men laid down, but the old major stood up lookin' 'round with his glasses. My army—God! my army!—was all shootin' at him. Bimeby he disappeared, and our fellows not comin' on, the Gugu began cheerin', thinkin' they'd won. I knew better. I knew the major well enough to know what he was up to. He was goin' 'round by the ford with a flankin' party. I knew if I was found there in that uniform, ev'ry man of the men I'd bunked with, yarned with and fought with 'd put a bullet into my carcass. I knew how I could get that flankin' party on the hip, and I never moved. I let the poor little Gugu chortle over their vict'ry one minute when I knew the next the trench 'd be a slaughter pit. I'd raised my arm against my country once, but I wasn't goin' to raise it ag'in.

"I slipped down to one end o' the trench and when our men fired I jumped over it and dove into the river, with the yells of the Gugu's pain and panic in my ears. Our fellows lyin' in front of the trench saw me, takin' me for a Gugu o' course, and begun firin'. It was my own comp'ny. I knew there was no horseplay to their shootin'. I slipped behind a root of a tree and let my hat float down stream. They cut holes in the hat and churned the water up 'round it till they seen there wasn't a man under it and quit. In a few minutes they marched off up to the ford to cross over and help the rest in the chase.

"I swum ashore on the American bank. It seemed at that minute's if I was all white ag'in and I'd waked up out o' a nightmare. I wanted the barracks and the parade-ground and the band in the evenin'. I started out not knowin' just where I'd go, till I was stopped by the sight o' one o' our own men lyin' dead. He'd been overlooked in the haste to catch up with the advance. The band in the evenin' was still in my ears. I was mad with the one idea, and I started to take off his khaki so I might have the harness ag'in, place o' these rags. Then I saw who the man was. 'Twas Berry, old Tom Berry, that'd give me a hand many a time—my bunky for two years. I buttoned up his blouse, crossed his hands, laid his hat over his face and slunk away. I wanted revenge for his death. I wanted to pay the debt to the shadow that's followed me since I was old 'nough t' reason.

"At first I was for goin' out alone in the brush and gunnin' for Gugu soldiers, a-cuttin' as many notches on my rifle-stock as I could 'fore they got me. But I couldn't get the longin' for the feelin' o' the harness on my back ag'in out o' my head. I want to wear it once more, if only for a day. And I've come to you, Mrs. Gerlison, who can do it for me if any one can. Yes, death's the only penalty. I expect it. I want a squad to go with me to hunt in the places where I know the prey is and to be killed that way—or any way in harness, so I can pay back a little o' what I owe!

By way of reply Mrs. Gerlison put a question which, as you will see later, is not as much out of place as it appears to be.

"'What became of Private Darkling who deserted from our regiment to the Filipinos?' she asked.

"Died of dysentery," he replied.

"And now as to your request," she said. "You have broken faith twice. You broke faith as an officer to those men in the trenches when you might have saved them. Is it not so?"

"Yes, You're right," he slowly admitted. "Yes, I'm worsen'n I thought."

"You know the oath you took when you enlisted. You know the penalty of such offence. I think that there will be no mercy for you, an old non-commissioned officer. Would you show any if you were a commissioned officer and on the court?"

"No."

"Can you justly expect any?"

"No."

"Then there is but one thing for you to do, if you wish to show that you are a soldier again. That is to face the facts and their consequences."

"In jail to-night and never ag'in to wear the uniform, and shot by my messmates! I—I can't do that."

"Then you had better sneak back as you came, to the insurgents. I shall not break your confidence, of course."

"Sneak! sneak!" He weighed the words, while he pressed his nails into his palms. "I've been Greaser and Injin enough. I've sneaked enough! I'll go out o' the world with my head up like a man!" As he rose, he added in the matter-of-fact tone of one who has made up his mind: "I'm goin' to quarters and give myself up now."

Mrs. Gerlison stepped over to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, smiling as she said:

"The court adjourns, the prisoner having shown himself a man. I know all about the fight at Dangwan yesterday. It was Darkling, confused with your Dark Cloud, who we supposed was in command of the insurgents. As for you, your record has saved you. It was thought that you were honestly captured. No one suspects you. So you will be welcomed back, unless I become a witness against you. Will you promise me that in future death alone shall separate you from duty?"

There were tears in Kanley's voice as well as in his eyes as he said:

"I do, so help me God!"

"And what are you going to tell the colonel and your fellows?"

"That a dozen insurgents run me in while I was lookin' for mangoes—and not much else."

"And not much else, sergeant. Remember! A leak may lead to a flood. Good-night."

The story might well end thus in fiction. However, it does not in fact.

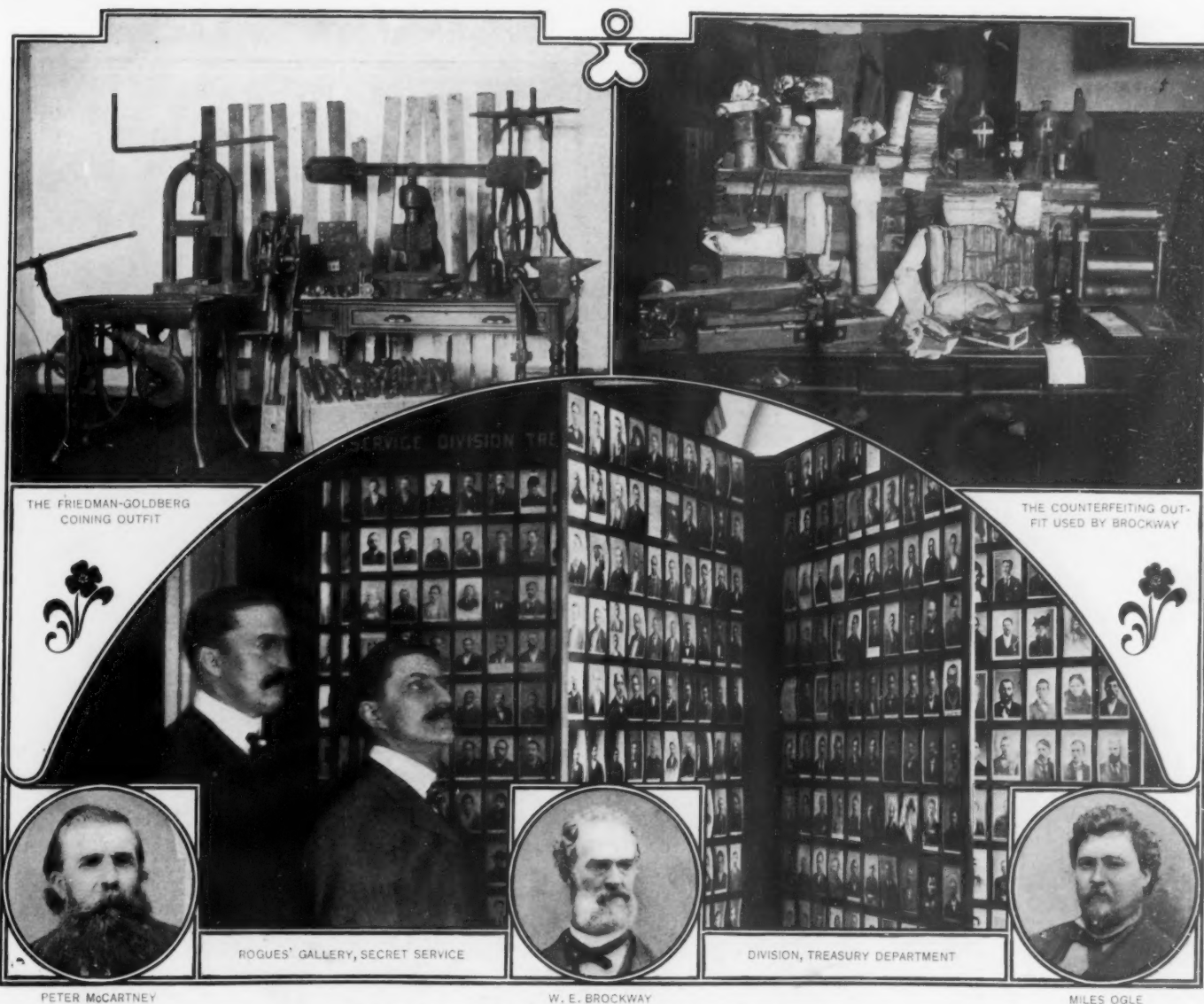
More than a month afterward, the sergeant, a fashion-plate for "non-coms" from his waxed mustache to his shining boots, appeared on Mrs. Gerlison's porch at a favorable hour when she had no visitors.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15)

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH



"TOILERS OF THE EARTH"



SOME NOTED COUNTERFEITERS AND THEIR OUTFITS

PHYSIOGNOMISTS would find difficulty in accurately reading some of the faces one sees in the Treasury Department's album of criminals. A great walnut case against the wall in the office of the Chief of the Secret Service contains a remarkable collection of specialists in crime. Other Rogues' Galleries there are, much more extensive than this one, but none with more fascinating stories than are associated with the faces that look out from the frames of this big cabinet. In a space that might be covered by one's hands are the pictures of five men whose output of spurious notes aggregated more than five million dollars, and yet from all this wealth they realized so little that they were always in financial straits. All of them, too, learned what the solitude of an iron barred cell meant; some of them are still serving out long sentences; some are filling felons' graves, and some have profited by bitter experience and are living honestly. Their faces are the faces of honest men; faces that invite instant confidence, that show the possession of all the traits that one expects to find in the average trustworthy, dependable, upright citizen.

"Old Bill" Brockway—the dean of the profession—could easily be mistaken for a Sunday-school superintendent, with his kindly-expressive, time-lined, intellectual countenance, yet five of the most dangerous counterfeiters ever turned out were attributable to him. They created consternation in business circles and caused the Secret Service no end of trouble in tracing them to their source.

Peter McCartney's strong, rugged face gives no indication of the craftiness and overwhelming criminal instincts of the man, whose remarkable achievements with graver and press, and wonderful escapes from custody, earned for him the title "King of Knackfakers." An incident serves to illustrate this man's contempt for prison bars and bolts. In 1866, while McCartney was confined in the jail at Springfield, Ill., Chief Whitely of the Secret Service went out from Washington to see him. At the close of the interview McCartney turned to the Chief and good-humoredly said: "You won't leave me here, I suppose, Colonel?"

"Yes," replied the Chief, "for the present you are safe." McCartney smiled. "Oh, I can get out of here easy enough. I have done it before and can do it again."

Chief Whitely expressed incredulity, and, with a careful look at the iron bars of the door, started to go.

"You don't think so?" observed McCartney. "Well, I'll return your call at ten o'clock this evening."

The Chief smiled at what he considered a jest, went to his room, soon became absorbed in writing and entirely forgot the matter. Ten o'clock came, and the busy Chief wrote on. At the last stroke of the hour there came a soft tap on the door.

"Come in," said the Chief, and, to his vast astonishment, in walked McCartney with a smile and a quiet "Good-evening, Colonel."

Springing from his seat, Whitely drew his revolver and, seizing McCartney by the arm, fairly shouted: "How did you get here?"

"Put up your gun, Colonel," said the visitor; "I merely called to pay my respects and I am going back."

He did go back, for Chief Whitely went with him, and he subsequently remained quietly enough.

Miles Ogle, with his handsome face, neatly trimmed beard and carefully arranged curly hair, might well be taken for a professional man, artist, opera singer—anything rather than a keen, intrepid desperado whose entire manhood was given over to a career of crime almost unparalleled.

"A typical unsophisticated farmer" is what one might say of Ben Boyd; yet he was one of the most ingenious, daring and prolific counterfeiters who ever monopolized the attention of the Secret Service. He it was who imitated the five-dollar issues of thirteen different Illinois banks by the use of a "skeleton" face plate. The design for all five-dollar national currency notes being identical except as to the title of the bank, Boyd simply omitted this from his face plate, and when he desired a new issue of counterfeits it was only necessary to cut a title, see that it found its proper place on the note, and start his press.

Passing to the last member of this famous quintette, one finds a remarkably prepossessing face, intelligent, refined. This is Tom Ballard, engraver, chemist, inventor, mechanic of rare skill, and expert in the manufacture of paper; the universal genius, who prostituted his talents to a forbidden art and was rewarded with a thirty years' sentence—the heaviest ever imposed upon a counterfeiter. This man's product was the more dangerous because of his ability in duplicating the distinctive paper used by the government for its securities. Ballard, like Boyd, used skeleton face plates, and by this method he imitated seven ten-dollar, four twenty-dollar and four two-dollar issues of as many New York banks.

Not all the faces in the cabinet are of this class, however. The wonder is that many of them were able to pass genuine money without at least arousing the suspicion that it came into their possession illegitimately. These are degenerates, moral depravity depicted in every lineament—the petty counterfeiters, who make and pass base nickels and dimes, selecting as their victims the poor and illiterate.

There is a maxim, "Once a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter," yet instances are on record where men of the craft have branched out into other lines of criminal work. Frank L. Seaver, a New York coiner, migrated to California to become the able assistant of that past master of bank-check manipulators, "Charley" Becker, and played a prominent rôle in the celebrated conspiracy whereby the Bank of Nevada of San Francisco was defrauded of twenty thousand dollars in gold. The story of this audacious and simple money-making enterprise is interesting. Early in December, 1895, "A. H. Dean" rented an office room in the Chronicle Building at San Francisco for the ostensible purpose of conducting a merchandise brokerage business. A little later he opened an account, with two thousand five hundred dollars, at the Bank of Nevada, stating that his balance would run from two thousand to thirty thousand dollars and that he would want no accommodation. For some time he so manipulated the account as to invite confidence, and then one day deposited a draft for twenty-two thousand dollars, drawn by the cashier of the Bank of Woodland, Cal., on its

correspondent, the Crocker-Woolworth Bank of San Francisco, payable to himself. This was sent through the Clearing-House, paid by the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, and the amount placed to Dean's credit. The next day he drew out twenty thousand dollars, taking the cash in four bags of gold, jumped into a carriage awaiting him at the bank door, and drove rapidly away. At the end of the month, when the Crocker-Woolworth Bank made its returns to the Woodland Bank it included the twenty-two thousand dollar draft. Then it was discovered that the Woodland Bank had issued no such draft. The only one it had drawn that was not accounted for was for twelve dollars in favor of A. H. Holmes, an innocent-looking man. "A. H. Dean," alias "A. H. Holmes," was none other than Frank L. Seaver, and when arrested at St. Paul, Minn., two months later, he made a full confession, stating that Becker had raised the check.

Close beside the rogues' cabinet are several reproductions of the currency in oil—evidences of an unaccountable mania for imitating the obligations of the government—single notes, clusters of notes, even "barrels of money." These will soon be destroyed with the other contraband property confiscated under the law.

Another frame hanging in this room contains eight portraits artistically grouped about a centre picture representing a coiner's outfit. The men are all Russian Jews, members of the Friedman-Goldberg gang whose operations in eastern Pennsylvania and northern New Jersey earned for them an unenviable reputation. The counterfeit nickels, dimes and quarters which they turned out were above the average, being practically of the same alloys used by the government. When informed by the officer that he was to be photographed, one of these men entered a vigorous protest.

"I don't want to have my picture taken," he said.

"You must," replied the officer; "it's necessary."

"But I ain't got the money," persisted the prisoner.

"Nobody said you had," rejoined his captor; "you don't need any."

"Well, who's going to pay for the pictures?"

"You needn't concern yourself about that; Uncle Sam foots the bill."

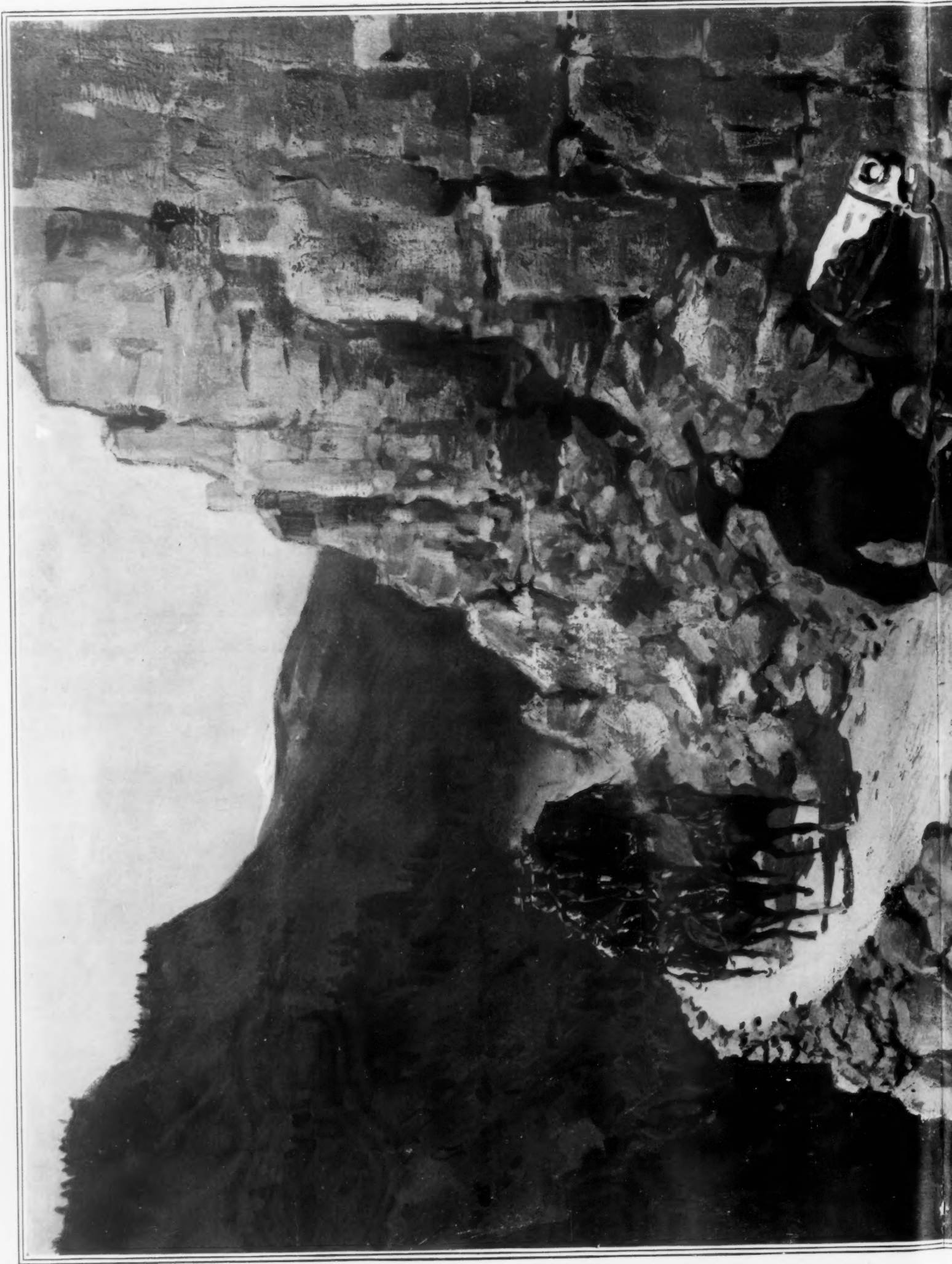
"And it won't cost me anything?"

"Not a cent." Thus assured, he smilingly and willingly submitted to the operation.

It is incomprehensible that men will persevere in their efforts at counterfeiting after repeated failures. Two, three, and in some instances as many as six or seven, attempts are recorded against the same individual. "Jack" Mulvey's is a case in point—seven convictions in fifteen years. Time spent in prison is employed in devising new schemes and mapping out new plans whereby the public is to be defrauded and the detectives thwarted, yet each year witnesses the futility of these schemes and projects and new chapters are added to histories already long. In addition to these persistent offenders, new candidates for criminal honors are ever entering the field, and the Secret Service continues to reap its yearly harvest of more than six hundred bogus money specialists.

W. HERMAN MORAN.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY





DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE GUARD OF THE BULLION COACH

A SMART-LOOKING MAN comes loping along the canon—a sawed-off shot-gun across his saddle-horn and with his hand on his "gun." Then comes the stage—rattling and clanking—and well behind it another sawed-off shot-gun man, also galloping.

"What are they?"
"They are the guards of the coach which is carrying money or bullion," answers the driver. "It is better to have them on horseback than on the coach," he continues.

"Ever have any trouble?"
"No—not much. Last year two young fools tried to hold up the coach."
"What happened?"
"Got killed.—Get up there, ponies."
—FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA DISEMBARKING FROM THE IMPERIAL YACHT, "THE POLAR STAR," AT ELSINORE, DENMARK, ON A RECENT VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY

LONDON

IT WOULD be idle to state that the reception of Krüger in France has failed to feed that accumulation of bitter blood which sometimes threatens to incarnadine those choppy little multitudinous seas of the whole historic Channel. Nevertheless, all sensible Britons, whatever their opinions concerning the justice or injustice of the South African War, are at one, I seem to gather, on the regnant bad taste of the French. Of course, if Krüger's ovation at Marseilles and his warm welcome at Paris had been stamped by any definite governmental sympathy, international diplomacy, that most sensitive of thermometers, would have leaped to "fever heat," and perhaps another "misunderstanding," serious as the East Africa one yet fresh in all our memories, might have ensued. Of course, the Conservatives fling their "pooh bahs" broadcast. Krüger is denounced as a "dour and damaged Cincinnatus." This from the "Telegraph," a journal which aims, one might say, to be, of all things, accurate in its scholarship!

Krüger, whatever his faults or virtues, can scarcely be called the "aristocrat" which later readings of history pronounce Cincinnatus. This matter apart, however, we find the ex-President of the Transvaal denounced as a reckless mischief-maker, a would-be instigator of French-English dissonance and contention. Indeed, I hesitate to record all the outpour of denunciation which Toryism has now directed upon this old man, wearied from a frightful struggle against overwhelming odds, and seeking residence in some new land—probably either Belgium or Holland—after the fierce storms of an almost unparalleled rebellion. With Liberalism the attitude is gentler, though still severe. "Vae Victis" is not so loudly shouted from Wing throats. The pathos of the situation is humanly if not over-humanly appreciated. In his parting address to the Marseilles throngs, he expressed thanks for his ardent welcome, but added, "I hope that this will be followed by acts." With Liberalism, as it now exists here, no answering echo to this sentiment may be heard.

There is no doubt that many Englishmen regard Krüger as a martyr and liken his visit abroad to those of the defeated patriots, Kossuth and Mazzini. That the ex-President's desire, however, for any sort of national assistance from any country in Europe will be for an instant considered, only ill-drest fanaticism could dream. He addresses a Europe that will toss him laurel-wreaths and garlands, if you please, but a Europe that has dreams of grimmer business with its guns than shifting their deadly engines to the fire-scathed farmlands of his ravaged Republic.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's death has caused a great thrill of sorrow here. The obituaries overpraise, of course, his gifts

as a musician. But, for England, who has produced so few musicians worthy of the name, he was relatively almost great. Still, since his death you hear (as often has been heard before it) the voice of admiration sounding too strong a note. It is said contemptuously of Offenbach, for instance, that he was Sullivan's inferior. This would be hotly disputed by countless lovers of "La Périchole," "La Belle Hélène" and the "Grande Duchesse." Sullivan's anthems, symphonies and ballads have justly endeared him to many English hearts. But his wisest, if not always his best friends will surely admit that the element of flippant trifling abounds in "The Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," and numerous like works. "Patience," by the way, was being played in very successful revival at the Savoy Theatre when his sudden yet not unexpected death occurred. Sir Arthur was an immensely popular man. The social cachet of royal recognition was long ago conferred upon him. "Pinafore," probably the most authentic piece of comedy that he ever gave the world, was composed amid circumstances of the intensest physical pain. One marvels not so much at his copious output as at the abundant and sunny humor which clothed with immutable glittering texture, year after year.

Apocryphos of the Duke of Manchester's recent marriage to an American heiress, a certain Radical current of opinion here has waxed rather turbid. . . . In the United States, it is now urged, mere millionnaires have become commonplace, while multi-millionnaires are vividly frequent. Never has there been a country that produced so many rich men in so brief a space of time as America has done, if we except the decadent days of the Roman empire. On the one hand we see wealth desiring birth and rank; on the other hand we see birth and rank desiring wealth. EDGAR FAWCETT.

PARIS

PRESIDENT KRÜGER'S visit to Paris has proved one thing clearly; to wit, that this great city remains, even to our day, what it always was in the past—the City of Generous Enthusiasms. The practical modern spirit which is every day more and more profoundly transforming its outward appearance, and many of its customs, has left its big heart untouched.

The beate President came to plead for his little people has witnessed such a demonstration of affection, pity, admiration and sympathy as probably no other city in the world ever gave to a wandering chief of state whose quarrel and distress were none of its affair. Wherever the pensive, weary-looking old man went he was followed unflinchingly by crowds who made his goings and comings resemble the repeated progresses of a victorious general or emperor bringing news of some great national triumph.

What impressed the President, and any thoughtful observer even more, during the last few days was the popular cry "L'arbitrage, l'arbitrage." There was something fine in that cry as one heard it hurled sky high all through the city from a thousand throats. It was a compact voicing of the cause of justice; it summed up the whole situation; it condemned the English, who have shown themselves persistently opposed to the elementary reasonableness of letting their quarrel be judged by the collective wisdom of impartial powers, and it was a direct appeal to the French Government to take its courage in its two hands and make a bold effort to induce the Cabinet of Great Britain to accept, even at this late day, the intervention of civilization for the saving of a nation.

When, at the Gare du Nord, the populace crowded in thousands to send the President off to Germany—giving him a Godspeed even more enthusiastic than the welcome had been—every one felt that in Germany the same spirit would meet the President, and the same in Russia if he should go there, and so on. It was a bitter blow when it was learned the next day that the German Emperor had gone back on his first famous telegram and would not even extend to the representative of the two republics the elementary courtesy of a noncommittal reception.

A cry of astonishment and rage went up from the press of Paris, and the people individually have experienced a curious recrudescence of that hate of the Teuton which had seemed of late to be slumbering almost to extinction. "Between the German and the Frenchman, the Teuton and the Latin, there is nothing in common, after all." That is what every one felt, and what all the journals are saying. The Franco-German alliance is put back a while. There is a noble soul in the French nation yet—all decadent as people choose to call it.

The new law, which allows women, duly qualified, to practice as counsel in the French courts, has been officially promulgated. Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin is the only woman in the country who holds the necessary diploma; she will therefore be the first woman advocate in all Europe entitled to practice. France is in this matter the pioneer nation of the Old World. Mlle. Chauvin is a woman of exceptional resolution. She went through the arduous training exacted here of would-be lawyers at a time when a woman learned in the law was looked upon as some kind of a mythical monster or at best as a wild and strange product of that strange Outre-Mer where any uncanny thing might sprout. Her social relations helped her very considerably. She comes of a lawyer family, and her brother is a member of the Chamber of Deputies. She made a personal canvass of the Chamber and of the Senate, of the lawyers and of the journalists, and succeeded first in getting her idea generally admitted as practical, then in forcing it through the Deputies, finally in getting the much more difficult consent of the grave Senate. In a week she will appear in the courts.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

"It's 'bout the woman," he told her. "Considerin' circumstances, when it comes to any thing 'bout her I thought I was bound to come to you. I ought to know I couldn't get her out o' my mind as easy's I thought. Do what I could, I kep' thinkin' o' her. As I heard Paddy Hourigan sayin' to Bill Banby when they didn't know I was listenin'."

"Somethin' 'satin' into the sergeant's mind and he's goin' off his head one of these days. You'll see."

"It seemed sometimes as if she was thinkin' o' me to make me think o' her, as if she was talkin' to me and callin' me to come. I used to look over my shoulder as I set in the shade away from everybody, expectin' to see her there, till—well, till I did see her one afternoon comin' down the street, and no mistake. I went into headquarters as if I was runnin' from the devil. I begged the colonel's pardon and pointed her out to him as she passed. She didn't even look up to the buildin'."

"She's a spy," I says. "She's smarter'n the whole Gugu army put together. She oughtn't to be allowed in town, if I might make the suggestion."

"He never said a word, 'cept to send a guard t' take her out and warn her not to come back."

"I was so anxious not to have her look at me with her devil's eyes and talk to me ag'in—to guard myself ag'in temptation—that I didn't think she might out with the whole story to the guard and it'd be all over with me. I was in torment for two or three days. Not hearin' anythin', I asked the corporal of the guard what the lady'd said."

"She's a bird," he says. "She says nothin' 'cept—says it in English, too—'All ri'. Me good Americano. All ri'. You like make walk hot sun, eh?' And laughed to herself all the way out to the bridge where we left her."

"You see, she wouldn't do nothin' to harm me. When I realized what that meant, I set by myself more'n more, and there was times, so help me God, when if it hadn't been for the men'try o' the look on your face that night

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I'd just nacherly gone out into the brush to find her 'thout knowin' what I was doin'.

"But the worst is to come. Last Wednesday the colonel sent me out with a squad to stop some snipin'. I got on to the snipers all right and they run soon's I did. The point is they didn't run Gugu fashion. They'd fall and fire, 'bout a dozen of 'em, and then get back, all in good order. They hit two o' my men. I was exasperated and went further'n I expected. I laid for one that seemed to be doin' all the bossin'. I shot a dozen times and missed him, till finally I sneaked up to within two hundred yards of 'em. They seemed to be waitin' for us, and so I got a bead on the leader and dropped him. At that we charged, and they laid down and, what I couldn't 'count for, not firin' a shot. As I come up to 'em—well, I seen that the leader was a woman—yes, the woman—in a Gugu uniform."

"I want you back. I plan. I get you," she says.

"I heard a yell, and looked to see three or four hundred Gugus from both sides right on top of us. They had us all right. The woman, so faint she couldn't hardly speak, says to their turkey-cock colonel:

"Let him go."

"And he did."

"Then she says to me:

"I no can have you now. Good-by! You go back, be real white man!"

"And that's why," the sergeant concluded, "I'm wearin' this bit o' crape on my arm. That's why I can never be exactly happy. That's why there ain't a steadier man in the Service now than me. For all the Injin and the Greaser in me died with her."

THE END

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THE DEBUTANTE'S HOUR

O PRETTIER SCENE nor more interesting function is characteristic of the opening winter than the coming out of the debutante. Her mother, looking, in her own blooming matronhood, like an elder sister, presents the young woman to society; a bevy of girl friends surround the central figure of the occasion, and there are flowers and compliments and good wishes galore. Whether the debutante's reception be a formal affair, with an elaborate spread and a band playing subdued music, or simply a tea without much ceremony, it equally answers its purpose of introducing a young lady, who has hitherto been kept in the background of nursery and schoolroom, to a world in which she may enter the gay whirl, where she may be admired and fêted, attend all sorts of entertainments under her mother's supervision, and finally be wooed and won by some adoring swain. In due course the engagement announcement will follow the debutante's entrance upon society, although if she prefer to remain single, a long and triumphant career is before her. Nobody dreads the term old maid any more, and old maids as they existed years ago are now obsolete.

ANOTHER CENTURY

THE CENTURY which is beginning finds the world more or less embroiled in wars, and resounds to the clash of arms, but this has been the case in every century of the Christian era, as well as in the remoter ages which stretch away into the dimness of the past. Men have always fought for precedence, nations have stoutly battled for advantage, and injustice has never been wholly overcome in any strife. We are apt to think of this period as one pre-eminent in the elements of greed and materialism; we are sometimes depressed as we survey the widespread barbarity which still exists and breaks out in one or another form and place. But never has there been a period in history when signs of improvement were so visible. In an interesting and unique volume recently published, Dr. Josiah Strong shows the portents of dawn breaking over the gloom of that great empire which, during the year just past, has attracted all eyes. The book is entitled "Expansion," and is an intelligent explanation of our present attitude toward the Far East. Speaking of China, Dr. Strong says: "With the passenger car supplanting the sedan chair, and the steamboat displacing the junk, conditions are prepared for almost any innovation. The many applications of electricity are being made. Think of China, more ancient than Abraham, now traveling by lightning express, riding in electric cars and on bicycles, talking by telephone and reading Confucius by an Edison incandescent lamp! What startling incongruities, what juxtaposition of the East and West, what confusion of the centuries! The imperial Chinese post-office was opened in 1897, and China has now joined the Postal Union of the world. Clocks and watches are seen everywhere on the coast and are found far inland." Twenty years ago, 15,484,394 pounds of cotton thread were imported by China. In 1897 she imported 209,680,900 pounds; and in many other particulars a similar increase is shown. We cannot fail to see that China has been struggling against the inevitable, and that the twentieth century will mark her admission to a new civilization and her new fitness to belong to the parliament of nations.

CHILD CULTURE

THAT WOMEN should be occupied with the upbringing of children is the most appropriate of conditions. The mother has the infant from the beginning, when it lies in her arms a mere bundle of possibilities, with its life all before it. Mothers' Clubs and Congresses discuss every phase of child training, and at least as much attention is now bestowed upon this most important subject as upon dress, or servants, or floriculture or household decoration. Some women bestow upon it a great deal more. Children, when once in the family, cannot well be ignored. They need a thousand things; food, clothing, education, each being a stock from which multi-form and various shoots put forth and bud and produce fruit. An ill-fed child will be anemic; an over-fed child may be dyspeptic.

Clothing exercises no slight effect on the development of the little human being, and as for schooling, he may be passed by successive stages, from kindergarten to college, in as orderly a manner as one steps from train to train in the journey across a continent. Yet, there are fortunate children whose individuality is early recognized and who are never subjected to an educational mill. It may be a good thing, for girls especially, never to see the inside of a schoolroom, to be taught entirely at home, by their mothers and by visiting masters, to be allowed to study the branches which interest them, and to grow as they please and nature intended. Said the redoubtable Lady Catherine de Brough to that most charming of heroines, Miss Elizabeth Bennet: "Five daughters brought up at home without a governess! Who taught you? Who attended to you? Without a governess you must have been neglected." Miss Elizabeth answered: "Compared to some families I suppose we were, but we were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary." In the phrase "encouraged to read" is the key to mental culture for both sexes, but indispensably so for women. The child who is taught to read, and for whom books are judiciously chosen, may safely be independent of the schoolroom for the first twelve years of life. This is written with a view to the consolation of families who live remote from towns, and at a distance from schools, and it is written with a distinct conviction that in many cases schools crush individuality rather than develop it. With all the marvellous machinery of the schoolroom to-day, and with the training in pedagogy now regarded as essential for every teacher, children are not taught to spell. So elemental an art is neglected, and it is becoming exceptional to find, even among highly educated young men and women, spellers who seldom make a mistake. At a holiday dinner not many days since it was proposed that there should be an after-dinner spelling contest. Paper and pencils were provided, and sentences containing words which ought to be familiar to all people who read or converse were dictated to the company. It included several professional men and the graduates of two or three famous colleges for women, yet these young people perpetrated blunders in their exercises which would have been amazing to the teacher of a district school when Webster's Spelling-Book was in vogue.

It is an open question whether in child culture we are not attempting too much, whether we are not too ambitious in our planning, and whether we would not do well to return to older and simpler methods.

One good thing we may do for the little folk, and that is, cease to talk about them in their presence. Most parents are sinners in this regard. We do not attribute to our bright and clever babies the wit of a kitten or a canary when we repeat their acute sayings in their hearing and mimic their pretty ways before their eyes. Children are easily taught to be self-conscious, and the little prig, posing for admiration, is the natural consequence of a course of continual comment, carried on in childish presence.



THE LADY ON THE RIGHT, MME. ELOFF, IS THE WIFE OF KRUGER'S GRANDSON, ELOFF; HER SISTER, MME. GUTTMAN, IS STANDING AT THE LEFT

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THE STEPMOTHER

SHE is a brave woman who undertakes the rôle of the stepmother. Let her do the best she can, be angelic in her amiability and irreproachable in her self-denial, she will not be able to escape criticism. Every outsider will watch her course, sure of her unkindness or coldness to her predecessor's children, and she will be fortunate indeed if the children's kindred and the servants in the household do not sow the seeds of distrust in their minds. Yet, although the stepmother has been derided in the literature of every clime under the sun, and though she is almost universally the object of suspicion, she is, in a majority of instances, a woman deserving the praise of her friends and the love of her family. Because she is a stepmother she has not ceased to be a woman, nor is it improbable that a very tender and compassionate feeling is hers when she cares for the motherless ones who appeal to her for help and guidance. A woman has before now married a man less for the reason that she was attracted to him than because his brood of little ones in need of daily care stirred the maternal chord in her heart. Mothers are not invariably wise or just to their own children, and it may easily happen that they may misunderstand or restrain or punish when gentleness and sympathy were the requisites. If their blunders are condoned, why visit with censure the mistakes made in inexperience by the stepmothers who are usually doing the work of their positions with an earnest desire to do it well?

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

The wind may raven in the world,
The low-lung clouds be gray and cold,
And silence brood where erst was song,
And hurrying snowflakes hither throng;
But what care we around the board,
With dainties heaped and plenty stored,
And more laid by upon the shelves,
When we are, just among ourselves!

The curtains drawn, the fire bright,
The home secure in love's own light;
Dear mother in her easy-chair,
True's sifted silver on her hair;
Dear father, something bowed and bent,
But keen-eyed, eager, and content;
The sons and daughters leal and true,
The maidens pure as morning's dew,
The little ones like fairy elves;
And we are, just among ourselves.

God bless our sweet homes everywhere—
Homes hallowed by the trustful prayer,
God keep them safe and build them strong,
The homes where dimpled children throng;
No shadow dims their shining light,
Though tempests are abroad this night.



MRS. FAIRBANKS, WIFE OF SENATOR FAIRBANKS

FARMERS' WIVES

SOME weeks ago, quoting Archdeacon Brady, it was stated in this department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that the majority of women in insane asylums were drawn from the farm. Hard work and monotony have been supposed to be the lot of the farmer's wife, and, in the frontier settlements, she is not always able to hold her mental balance against them. A physician writing from Pennsylvania disagrees with Dr. Brady's conclusions, and takes issue with authors who, in his opinion, magnify the drudgery of the farm. His letter gives some interesting statistics collated from the insane asylums of Pennsylvania. Here in September, 1896, were gathered 1,653 married women and 2,078 spinsters, the latter much in excess of the former. Among 806 insane female patients committed to hospitals for mental maladies during that year, 66 only came from farm life. In the experience of this physician, insanity is almost wholly a matter of inherited taint, the exception being due to severe illness or to accidental injury.

It would be interesting to hear from persons in other States and localities on this subject. No prejudice against the farm as a home, nor against farmers' wives as a class, exists in any fair-minded writer. The farmer's wife naturally resents gratuitous pity, and where she is able to secure domestic help, and to brighten her life with books, music and friendship, she needs no sympathy.

The same mail which brought the doctor's letter carried one from a lady whose home is in a lonely nook tucked out of sight among New England hills, and quite off the usual lines of travel. The village is dependent on its own resources for winter pleasures, and its social life is not to be despised. There are gay parties of the neighbors for dancing held at one another's homes every fortnight; the ladies have their whist club, and, in the evening, husbands, wives and young people meet regularly for whist, euchre, or some other agreeable diversion. A book club is in successful operation, and the new books are discussed as eagerly as in New York drawing-rooms. Magazines and illustrated papers are in every village home, and in the ample houses, surrounded by barns and outbuildings, which are found in a radius of five miles from the centre, peaceful, happy and well-to-do.

A PERIOD LITTLE KNOWN

Just after the Revolutionary War there was an interval of great privation and much suffering in the New England States. These hung together very loosely, the arrangements for a central government being as yet crude and incomplete. Litigation was common and lawyers prospered, while imprisonment for debt, the loss of property and extreme poverty became familiar and bred great indignation and angry protest, culminating in out-and-out rebellion and hot though ill-matched battles. The late Edward Bellamy, whose "Looking Backward" is a household word, wrote a story of this period—a story picturesque, vivid and romantic; it has been published lately, and is a valuable contribution to American history, as well as a charming addition to our fireside reading. The Duke of Stockbridge is a hero who wins the heart, both by his courage and his disasters, and his stalwart figure rises before our eyes not as a puppet but as a reality.



MISS MERRIAM

WOMEN AND SMOKING

AMERICAN gentlewomen will never, to any extent, nor as a class, indulge in smoking. A correspondent inquires whether cigarettes are used by fashionable women in their own rooms. Pipes of the common clay variety are much more in use among aged women of the Cracker type in the South, and among the old black aunties with their crinkled wool, than are cigarettes among refined and well-bred ladies in society. Russian ladies have always indulged in after-dinner smoking, and they have a few imitators here; but the custom is exotic, is bohemian, and will never be popular. To fastidious women it is mannish and unrefined, as well as decidedly un-American. Mothers should guard their growing boys against the deadly poison of the cigarette, which will surely undermine their strength and abbreviate their inches, but they need have no fear that their young daughters will fall into this snare. For the girl in her teens is of all things dainty, and smoking is neither feminine, delicate, nor fascinating in her eyes.

NERVES

WE SHOULD not abuse our nerves when we are irritable and impatient, overtaxed and disturbed. Perhaps we are spending our vitality too fast, undertaking too many things at once, resting too little. Anxiety tells unfavorably on some of us. If we are indisposed we forecast the worst, and fancy dangers which do not really menace us. A vivid imagination can portray the whole family at death's door, or swept away, or laid in the grave, all in five minutes, while the same family is going very comfortably on its way, in no especial peril.

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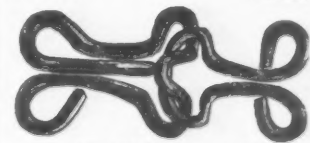
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A Retrospect and A Forecast

Although *Collier's Weekly* is primarily a journal of current events, yet, as a matter of fact, no periodical publishes so much good fiction. There are one or more short stories in every number: stories which are good as well as short. The work of none but the best writers is accepted, and only the foremost artists are employed as illustrators. Among famous authors who have recently contributed to *Collier's* short stories of signal success are:

Egerton Castle
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Gilbert Parker
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Molly Elliot Seawell
A. C. Quiller-Couch
S. R. Crockett
"Ouida"
W. W. Jacobs
H. B. Marriott-Watson
Maurice Hewlett
Robert Chambers
Robert Barr
Rudyard Kipling
Joel Chandler Harris
Ernest Seton-Thompson
Bret Harte

The question of serials is always a difficult problem, as there are many good novels, but few good serials. *Collier's* has been very fortunate in its choice. It was in *Collier's* that "Janice Meredith" began a career of success unequalled in the history of American fiction, and it was there that "The Turn of the Screw," Henry James' most masterly production, appeared.

In 1901

short stories of the highest standard possible will be continued, and, in addition, there will be a serial story by

Hall Caine

which gives every promise to be a success of the greatest magnitude. The title of it is

The Eternal City

It is a powerful novel of modern life. The scene is laid in Rome of to-day, where so many opposing religious and social forces meet. Full of color and dramatic movement, it grapples with the tremendous social and religious problems of the present time without detriment to the plot or action. It will begin early in February.

Collier's Weekly



"INDIA IN CHINA."—A PORTION OF THE EAST INDIAN CONTINGENT OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT SHANGHAI, WITH THEIR HORSES, MULES, BAGGAGE—AND LOOT. PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR C. JOHNSON, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE VICISSITUDES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

By FREDERICK PALMER

SINCE MY RETURN from the East nothing at the theatre has amused me so much as an evening spent looking over the files of the daily papers during the most critical period of the troubles in China. The experienced correspondent who earns his livelihood and obtains whatever reputation he enjoys by sheer hard work always expects that the rumors heard at a distance from the front will surpass in sensation everything that actually occurs and will be in print long before his report, which depends for its value upon its accuracy and upon being the account of an eye-witness. But no correspondent, however hardened to the vicissitudes of his occupation, expected to face anything like the difficulties of cable transmission which obtained in China; and, above all, no correspondent ever expected to compete with the "Shanghai Liar," whose amazing fabrications, which included the announcement that the Chinese had 800,000 European-trained troops in the field, reached their climax with a thrilling description of the details of the massacre of the legations.

"Who was this man?" editors have frequently asked me. "How did he have the audacity to foist upon the public as facts, at a dollar or more a word for cable tolls, these atrocious lies? We thought that we had liars at home, but they are saints beside this one from Shanghai."

"Oh, if you only knew the East—if you only knew the East—you would understand," is my invariable reply.

"The Shanghai Liar" is merely one of the Shanghai liars who got an opportunity to let the outside world know the imaginative capacities of the undercurrent of society in a treaty port where the flotsam and jetsam of the white and brown races whirl in frothy eddies. There are more kinds of mankind in Shanghai than in any other port outside of the East. There are great European and American merchants and great Chinese merchants whose commercial and personal honor are inviolate. They would subscribe many thousands of taels for the sake of the port's reputation if the Liar's lies had not been dated Shanghai. They would subscribe twice as many thousand taels if the Liar's lies had been dated at Hong Kong, which is now pointing the finger of scorn and irony at its rival.

There is the foreign official class, exclusive—barring American consuls—in the consciousness of the surety of their posi-

tions. That makes two classes. Beyond the two—in the shadow and the pale, leaning over the bars while there is money in their pockets—are the half-breeds, unrecognized when they meet their fathers in the streets, behind the masks of whose Chinese faces there may be all a Chinese's cunning and much of a white man's force, or only a Chinese's cunning allied to a white man's worthlessness; the European relic of a scandal at Berlin or a failure at Marseilles and the American relic of domestic error or defalcation, who become wedded to the East and divorced from the West beyond the possibility of or the funds for returning home—and who drink and drink and drink and scheme and scheme.

Out of this class, which adds the imagery of Chinese worthlessness to its own, the Liar came. How he came, or how he "arrived," as they say of literary stars, is simple enough. In the old days there were a few men in the ports who, while pursuing some other occupation, incidentally acted as correspondents for (mostly) British papers. They did not send twenty cablegrams a year—only now and then a few words of great news, which was obtainable, as you will comprehend, from the two upper classes rather than from the others. When suddenly China had the front page every morning there was one regular correspondent shut up in Peking, helping to defend the lives of women and children with his rifle and "a few of us left" in Manila. The editor without a correspondent made the best of his situation. He commissioned any one he could get by cable to act for him. One paper had thirty such correspondents which it commissioned in a week. Another's cabled directions were to send "everything you hear." The correspondent did, and incidentally made everything exciting. While the regular correspondents at the scene of action were suffering loss of sleep and peace of mind trying to drive a few facts beyond Taku, the Liar, expending his hundred-pound retainer from the latest amazing enterprise in London journalism, listened to all that he heard and enlarged upon it. The rumor from which the report of the massacre was made was dismissed by the whole upright community of Shanghai as coming from the bars. Happening to be in Shanghai at the time, with a cable describing the taking of Tien-tsin which I had brought from the "front," I heard it. But I did not hear the additional detail of how Sir Claude McDonald stood beside his wife, revolver in hand, as the heathen climbed over the barricades, until the psychological moment when he shot, first, himself and then his wife. That was an additional detail which the Liar must have seen in the bottom of his fifth glass after "tiffin."

The Liar, then, was the one great vicissitude of all the regular correspondents. The other vicissitudes of us who were there in the critical days were so numerous that it spoils the composite picture of vicissitude in my memory to mention any particular one. We did not mind the censorship

at Tien-tsin. Military censorships are reasonable and right. But we did mind the censorship of Yuan-Shih-Kai, the Viceroy of the Province of Shantung. After our cablegrams were carried down the Pei-ho to Tongku on a tug they were passed with the first launch out to the flagship, from which Admiral Kempff's or Admiral Remey's flag lieutenant sent them by the regular daily gunboat to Chefoo. At Chefoo the gunboat connected with the land lines of the Chinese Imperial Telegraphs across the province of Shantung to Shanghai, where representatives of the government with which we were at war passed them over to the Danish and the English companies for transmission to Europe or America. All the government business of admirals and generals of five nations had preference. The telegraphers at Chefoo were Chinese, and they grew incoherent from overwork as soon as it was known that Admiral Seymour was in danger. If a press message was ticked out of the Chefoo office, and Yuan Shih-Kai wanted to, he could stop it at his capital, en route, and have it translated.

As a correspondent and an opportunist, the Viceroy had the greatest opportunity within my knowledge of history. He would have been worth thousands a week to any big New York or London newspaper. He heard the news from both sides sooner than any one else. He told the allies that he was keeping the land lines open for their benefit, and that he had given all the foreigners in his province safe transport to Tsingtau or Chefoo. He told the Empress that he was keeping the telegraph line open so that he could communicate to her the doings of the allies, and that he had expelled all the foreigners from the country. Whoever triumphed, Yuan Shih-Kai was bound to fall right side up, and he did. The allies think well of him.

Correspondents who came by the way of Japan did not know that their credit for sending cables, "Receiver to Pay," did not extend to Chefoo, and they must arrange with a bank in Chefoo to pay cash for their messages. Therefore the accounts which they were sending to their papers were simply piled up in the office at Chefoo, and after many days mailed to Shanghai. That was hard.

Yet we hear complaints from the correspondents who are at present in Peking. They have a wire to Tongku and a direct cable from there to Shanghai, while Yuan Shih-Kai now has to get his news from the Shanghai papers.

There is no telling where the Shanghai fabricator would have stopped in his headlong career of melodramatic recitals if the allies had not relieved the Legation and re-established truthful telegraphic communication from that besieged point.

The wonder of it all is, how the Shanghai manufacturer of blood-and-thunder stories managed to get them on the cable as news. It is true there was no rigid censorship, but one would have thought the directors of the cable at Shanghai would have questioned the right of a correspondent to send such barefaced lies.



? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
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 ? AND LEFT A DIAMOND RING IN IT, ?
 ? what would you do with the ring? ?

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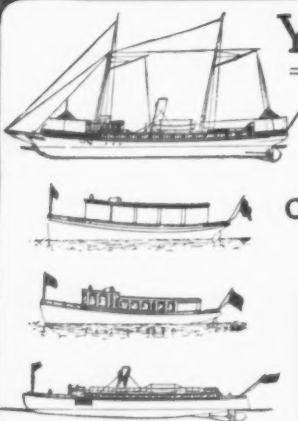
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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN FOOTBALL TEAM

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

REVIEW OF
MIDDLE-WEST
SEASON

THE uncertainties of the game of football were never so fully illustrated before as they were in the Middle West during the season of 1900. In the first place, there was the big four to be considered—Chicago, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Next in consideration came a dozen smaller teams, one or two of which represented universities that had turned out good elevens on former occasions, but very seldom. The big four always claimed the public attention. In the beginning of the last season they were all deplorably weak. Every one knew it, but every one looked for the old-time "brace."

At the very outset, Illinois fell before Michigan, but, as the game was between two members of the big four, no comment was made. Then Michigan began to demonstrate that it had an inferior team. All doubt was dispelled when the Iowa game was played at Detroit and the Hawkeyes won by a score of 28-5, Michigan being saved from a shut-out only by Full-back Sweeley's superior kicking.

Chicago, the 1899 champion, fell a victim to almost every team that opposed it. Wisconsin lost by one point to the heavy Gophers from Minnesota. The picking of a Middle-West winner was becoming a most uncertain problem.

Iowa, Northwestern and Minnesota forged to the front in succession. Then Wisconsin came into notice again by reason of the heavy scores piled against opposing teams. Finally, Nebraska demanded attention because it scored more points against Minnesota than all the other Middle-West teams together.

Properly speaking, Iowa, Nebraska and even Minnesota have no place in Middle-West football. They belong west of the Mississippi River. But they were taken into consideration and their claim remains. It is difficult to decide the championship of the section. Until the last day it seemed to belong to Iowa—a team that had not been scored on in two years, and a team that had defeated Chicago 17-0, after Minnesota could only tie the Maroons: 5-5. Then Northwestern seemed to demonstrate superiority to Minnesota because it defeated Chicago 5-0. Minnesota, however, came back a week later by beating Northwestern 23-0, thereby reclaiming a championship title. On top of that, Northwestern played Iowa a 5-5 game on Thanksgiving. Wisconsin, the only big four member that showed true form, undoubtedly played the best game at the close of the season, but its 6-5 defeat by Minnesota stood against its championship claims.

The honors of the Middle-West lie between Iowa and Minnesota. The former defeated Chicago 17-0. The latter tied Chicago 5-5. Minnesota defeated Northwestern 23-0. Iowa tied them 5-5. There is nothing else of any account on which to base their relative merits.

Michigan and Chicago played a Thanksgiving game, but they had both fallen behind and their contest called for little attention. Chicago won, 15-6. In spite of their defeats of this season, both of these former champions are already figuring on crack teams for 1901, and the prospects of both are excellent.

The choice of an All-Western team has been a matter of considerable difficulty this year. The guards, halves and full-backs of the Middle West have failed to show any one or two men of superior excellence, and a choice for those positions is a problem. Worst of all has been the choice of an All-Western full back. Sweeley of Michigan is chosen because he has proven to be the best punter in the Middle West this year. A good punter is necessary to a

team of any kind, and there is none other in the present clever line-up. The others have been placed on account of their superior excellence in their positions: Left end—Suow, Michigan; left tackle—Warner, Iowa; left guard—C. E. Dietz, Northwestern; centre—Page, Minnesota; right guard—Flynn, Minnesota; right tackle—Curtis, Wisconsin; right end—Aune, Minnesota; quarter-back—Williams, Iowa; left half—Henry, Chicago; right half—Edson, Iowa; full-back, Sweeley, Michigan.

A very brief quotation from a long article in the London "Morning Post" will give the American some idea of how his extravagant system of training-tables is viewed by the Englishmen. Many of the statements in the disquisition from which these quotations are taken are untrue, but the impression the writer of the article has gained came from the actual existing condition of affairs to which our athletes must sooner or later turn their attention and proceed to certain limitations:

"It will, therefore, be seen that it is not at all necessary to suppose that Englishmen are inferior in point of physique to Americans in order to explain the recent victories of the American athlete. The English athlete would certainly hold his own if he was as carefully and continuously trained as his rival. But if scientific training is impossible without the institution of the 'training table,' it is better to do without it and be content to lose like a gentleman."

"The promising young athlete who has won his seat at the 'training-table' need not pay a dollar for his board and lodging. The desire for intellectual distinction is not allowed to interfere with the more serious business of physical training."

Extravagance is the order of things in college athletics, and it first became apparent in the exaggeration of football practice which led whole teams to go to a hotel and stay for weeks during the summer preparing for the fall campaign. But now that this summer football practice has been properly abated it is time to turn to the other extravagances, and, by letting in some good, wholesome light, permit those who run to read the extremes to which some of the athletic associations in our universities go. It has been argued that to take the games away from the big cities would, by reducing the gate receipts, curb all the tendencies to foolish and wasteful expenditure. But, unfortunately, this method will not avail. In fact, no indirect method will accomplish the desired result. When Princeton plays at Princeton the gate receipts are less than would accrue to the organization if the game were played in New York. But when Pennsylvania plays at Philadelphia there will be an attendance calculated to roll up in a season of football well on to enough to support any desired extravagance. Yale at New Haven draws almost as much as Yale at Springfield, while Harvard at Cambridge can count upon even more than at Springfield. But besides all this, and even if the gate receipts were reduced, and reduced proportionately one college to another, when it became an advantage, say for Harvard to have a new boat or to experiment in boats, there are plenty of graduates willing to put up the necessary funds. If by running a special train or an extraordinary training-table, a Cornell team could be assured of defeating Pennsylvania or a Princeton team of defeating Harvard, the money would be raised no matter what the receipts were likely to be. Hence it is useless to begin at that end and merely temporize instead of attacking the evil itself and directly. The evil lies not in having generous graduates or good weather upon special occasions, or in the charges at the gate, it lies in the extravagant expenditure of money and the things that extravagance leads to and teaches. It is far from good, it is eminently unwholesome, that athletes should be taught that success in their sport depends upon the amount of money expended, that upon carriages, special trains and extravagant living rests the chance of victory. Still worse is it to foster the spirit that men should try for athletics because of the fact that by so trying they may obtain several weeks of twelve-dollar living, or may secure extra outfit clothes or shoes. The actual members of the crew, nine

or team usually rise above these considerations, it is true, but there are hosts of aspirants in the early season who do not.

When the net expense of running a training-table for one branch of sport only—and by net expenses I mean the amount that that association pays over and above what it receives from the men—when, I say, that net sum runs up to from three to four thousand dollars, one can gather some idea of the extravagance of this custom. When one thinks that the sum expended for one team's extra living would have supported the entire college in the days of the early presidents, he can well measure and criticize the abuse of training-tables.

And it is no wonder that this has led to the athletic club training-table abuse. College men while still in college join an athletic club, an outside organization, and for their prowess in athletics and for wearing that club's emblem are fed for a certain number of days or weeks without charge. It does not seem serious to them because and on account of the fact that the college training-table, and the way it is conducted, has dulled their perceptions upon this point.

Training-tables should not only be run upon the very strictest principles, so far as the payment by the men is concerned, but I am convinced that they should be greatly curtailed. It is a fact that the longer the duration of the various tables, the more nearly it is made possible for abuses to occur and for men to become very like lured contestants supported at the public expense. It may be necessary to absolutely abandon training-tables for a time before the abuse can be entirely cleared away, but I do not think such a radical step is demanded. I do think, however, that the cutting the time of their duration in half would do much to correct the abuse, and that the managements at the many universities would be glad to take such action.

Every one who at any time has been in any way connected with modern athletics, either as a disciple or an advocate, has had the experience of meeting, from time to time, with people who took the opportunity to bemoan the fate of American youth in that athletics were being made too much of. As a rule, these people have not investigated the matter very thoroughly, and, simply because no man cares to say that anything that the American people take up is not liable to exaggeration at their hands, take it for granted that their analyses are all true and that the country, especially the youth and young manhood, is going to the dogs because there is manifested an increasing interest in athletic sports. To such people the investigations carried on by Dr. Schmidt-Mounard of Leipzig ought to be interesting as well as instructive.

His argument seems to be—and facts prove it, too—that the young animal ought to have less schooling and more out-of-doors in athletics. He finds, after a long series of investigations, that the physical growth of children during the first year of school, both as regards height and weight, is less than during any preceding year of life. That the average child gains only two and a half pounds in weight instead of four pounds as heretofore, and only five centimetres in height instead of seven. He claims that children who do not go to school until they are seven years old become stronger and are in all respects better developed than those who go to school sooner. In going further along, he finds that chronic ailments, such as headaches, sleeplessness and nervous troubles, are found far more frequently among pupils of the higher grade, and that sometimes as many as fifty per cent suffer in this way in girls' schools and thirty-five per cent in boys' schools. Where the pupils are obliged to practice gymnastic lessons, and where no lessons are taught in the classroom during the afternoon, he finds the percentage goes down to between thirty and thirty-five, whereas where there are no gymnastic exercises and pupils are obliged to study every afternoon the percentage runs up as high as seventy-nine.

His conclusion is that the main causes of these evils are that too much work is imposed upon the children indoors and that too many schools take no steps to improve the physical condition of the pupils. WALTER CAMP.

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Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

There are more

Bicycle
Playing Cards



used than all other brands combined, because experience has shown players they are the best for general use.

"Card Games, and How to Play Them," a 120 page book mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps.

Dept. 20 THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sold by Dealers from Greenland to Australia.

No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty trade-mark on every pack.

For Duplicate Whist use Pain's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

The Attractive

appearance of an article of food has much to do with its success.

Cook's Flaked Rice

is bright, white, clear and clean. The dainty flakes please at sight, and the ease with which the rice is prepared for the table enhances the pleasant impression. Put the dry flakes in a colander, pour salted boiling water over them, drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish.



Absolutely No Cooking.

Book of Tested Receipts in Every Package.
All Grocers. Large Package 15 Cents.



Our Special \$2.50 Price

EX 100-PIECE LOT, is such value as was never before offered by any house. We make this heretofore unheard-of offer of \$2.50 for a full 7-yard dress pattern to advertise our Dress Goods Department, and get people everywhere to send for catalogue. WHITE FOR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE. ORDER TODAY! DON'T DELAY! WHEN THESE GOODS ARE GONE THEY NEVER AGAIN CAN BE OFFERED AT THE PRICE.

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Big Dress Goods Offer.

For \$2.50 we furnish a Full Dress Pattern of seven yards of genuine Norton Fancy Black Mercerized Crepon Dress Goods, regular value, \$5.00.

Send no Money

Mention this paper (No. 147K) and we will send you a big full dress pattern of seven yards of this fine, new style dress goods by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than \$5.00, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section.

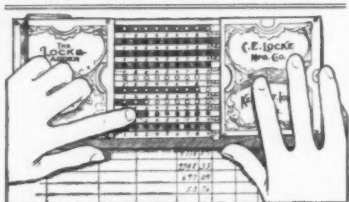
Then pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$2.50 and express charges. The express charges will average from 25 to 50 cents.

If more than seven yards are wanted, 30 cents per yard extra. This is a Genuine Norton Black Mercerized Crepon dress goods, an elegant, strictly up-to-date fabric for suits or skirts, good weight for winter wear, a firm cloth we can guarantee for service, fancy raised crepon effect, for seven yards of this 44-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on the actual cost to produce, in LESS THAN DEALERS CAN BUY goods that we have bought direct from one of the largest mills under a positive guarantee for quality.

SPECIAL OFFER!

American \$10 Typewriter!

We will give the first person answering this ad., from each town in the United States, a splendid opportunity to obtain the American Typewriter, the only standard low-priced typewriter, on unusually attractive terms. Write promptly for catalogue and sample work, and see if our offer does not interest you, mentioning this publication.



The Locke Adder.

Superior to all Adding Machines. Fastest, cheapest, most simple, practical and durable. No practice necessary, no business complete without it. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Saves time, labor and money, and

Quickly Pays for Itself.

Ensures accuracy, releases from mental and nervous strain. Computes all columns simultaneously. Capacity 999,999,999. Sold on 30 days' free trial. Write for FREE descriptive booklet and special offer.

C. E. LOCKE RFG. CO., 24 Walnut Street, KENNETT, IOWA.

1% TO 3% MONTH

We make a specialty of gilt-edged Mining Stocks in such properties only as we have thoroughly investigated with our own experts, and can recommend to our customers as being

LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISES

conducted on business principles; namely: working mines, developed properties and dividend payers. We have yet to make our first mistake, and our customers are receiving dividends of from 1 to 3 per cent monthly on such mining stocks as we have thus far handled as fiscal agents, in addition to large profits in the selling value of the principal invested.

\$800 PROFIT ON EACH \$100

Invested in the record of 14 new mines opened last year, the lowest showing \$100 profit, and the highest \$2,400, the average of the 14 being over \$800 net profit on each \$100 invested in their stocks. No investment offers greater opportunities for unusual profits than mining legitimately conducted as a business on a business basis and not as a stock speculation.

The 15th and 25th of each month regularly are

THE TWO DIVIDEND DAYS

for the several selected mining investments we handle as exclusive Fiscal Agents and orders must reach us prior to these dates to secure the current monthly dividends.

Send for our special combination order blank, prospectuses and latest reports, and booklet, "About Ourselves"—Arizona mines, working properties; 2 dividend payers paying 10 p. c. on present price in combination, will soon double interest and principal—advance 100 per cent.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS MINING STOCK EXCLUSIVELY

66 Broadway—17 New St., New York.

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CLEVELAND: "The Cuyahoga" Building.

PHILADELPHIA: "The Bets" Building.

BOSTON: "The International Trust Co." Building.

MODERN FABLES
BY GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE OLD
MERCHANT, THE SLEUTH, AND
THE TAPIOCA

ONE DAY a high-priced Detective was sitting in his Lair, trying to look mysterious, when there came to him a gray-muzzled old Business Man who had his Name in Gilt Letters along the Front of Six Numbers. He was noted for his Probity, his Keenness and the fact that he never Thawed. In the Commercial Agencies he was Rated AA Plus A1, which meant that he had it in Bales and was going to Freeze on to it.

"Are you in search of a Plain Separation or shall we go in for a full-blown Divorce and side-step the Alimony?" asked the bright Superintendent of the Bureau, surmising that it must be a Family Break-Up, because he had seen the Name in the Scandal Department of the Weekly Tattle-Tale.

"My Wife has lived in Europe so long that there is no Chance of our having any Trouble of that Sort," said the Great Merchant. "I wish to enlist your Services in a different Kind of Case. A Young Man who lately has come into a World of Money desires to be admitted to Partnership in our large Business. We are an Old and Reputable Concern, and before associating ourselves with this Stripling we wish to know all about his Character and Habits. We want you to Camp on his Trail and give us a straight Line on his Daily Life."

So the Main Detective called in a couple of Ferrets who drew Twelve a Week and they began to Shadow the Young Man at \$8 a Day. They put on Gum Shoes and covered their Faces with black Muffs such as are worn by the Train Robbers in a Davis and Keogh Melodrama. They peeked over Transoms and shined up Fire-Escapes and hid behind Bill-Boards, and every time the Young Man made a Move they were Next. At the end of a Week the Celebrated Detective made a Report to the Pious Patriarch who had employed him.

"I regret to tell you that the Young Man who seeks a Connection with your Well-Known House is a Night-Hawk and a Spender," said the Superintendent. "He is trying to Dim the Record of Coal-Oil Johnny. He opens Cool Magnums for the Merry-Merry almost every Midnight and he is having Diamonds set into the Teeth of Nine of the Peroxide Sisters. By the time that he lands into his Happy Clothes of an Evening he is fairly well Corned and he sees the Dawn of Morning through a Purple Haze. In the Afternoon, when he arises, he has a Hang-Over which is made the Foundation of something very Tidy in the way of a Skate. He begins to Push the Button and absorb the Tall Pick-Me-Ups. For a 6 o'clock Breakfast he has a few Cigarettes and some of the cold Zippy-Zip. Thus he contrives to be the Custodian of a continuous Bun and stave off the Katzenjammer, his Life resolving itself into one long Honolulu Sunset. His Associates are a fine Bunch of Rowdy-Dows who lean over when they Walk and wear Lilac Gloves in the Summer Time. Their one Joy is to purchase little Hot Birds and big Johannesburg Twinklers for the Ladies depicted on the Lithos."

"My, my!" said the staid old Merchant, as he shook his silvered Head. "He must be a Lah-Lah if he can hold to that Gait. I suppose he plays the Drunken Sailor with his Money."

"I regret to say that he does," replied the Eminent Sleuth. "All the Tin-Horn Sports and Shoe-String Gamblers speak of him as their Meal-Ticket. He is put against a new Brace Game every Week. If he arises in time to visit a Pool-Room, he is gently Corned into putting a large Bundle on some decrepit Pelter that comes in about the Time they are blowing the Horn for the Next Race. He is so Soft that sometimes even the hardened Sheet-Writers feel that it is a Shame to take it away from him. But they need the Vulgar Mazame, so they lighten him."

"Is it not Sad to see a pin-headed Rake dissipating a Large Fortune built up by some one who Walked to save Car-Fare?" asked the Old Gentleman. "You are sure that he has no Business Gumption?"

"No more than a Rabbit," was the Reply of the Detective. "He is a Come-On for any Bunko Game in the List. Any one who is three-quarters Fly can get into him. He is a Ninny. Should you give him an Interest in your Business he would show up at his Desk about once a Month, and if you handed him an Assessment he would think it was a Dividend."

"I thank you for your Report," said the Pillar of Trade. "We will admit the Young Man to a Full Partnership and urge him to put in all the Coin at his Command."

"I am surprised," said the Sleuth. "He is a horrible Light-Weight."

"That is why he will be a Mark for a cool-headed Johnny Wise who lives on Cereal Food and is into his Pajamas at 9.30 every Evening," said the Prominent Merchant, with a slight grin. "Why should all this lovely Money go

\$19.85 Buys this Hand-some "Macey"

desk, No. 10-H, direct from the factory, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found positively the best roll-top desk ever sold at so low a price.

This desk is 48 in. long, 36 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawn oak front, closed back, front base mould, 18 pigeon-holes, 2 file boxes, 2 arm rests, 2 sets of drawers, and 2 complete letter files. This desk has a beautiful polish finish, and from a dealer would cost \$28 to \$35.



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We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

Write for Catalogue No. "L-2."

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Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture

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has the perfect keyboard for instruction and operation by this most modern method. "Touch" Instruction Book Free, also, if you wish it.

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TO A LIMITED NUMBER

IN Electrical, Mech'n'l, Marine, Stationary or Locomotive Engineering

(Including Works) Development of the American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass. (Chartered by Commonwealth of Massachusetts)

BE AN OIL MAGNATE

Wanted, investors large and small to go in with an experienced Oil Man leasing, developing and buying partly developed Oil lands. This is a "Poor Man's" first profit sharing proposition. For particulars write

Geo. H. Helberg, 134 Monroe St., Chicago.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 385, DETROIT, MICH.

Blindness

Prevented and Cured

By the Great "Actina," an Electrical Pocket Battery which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc. Cures Granulated Lids, Restores Vision. Positive proof of cures given. No cutting or Drugging. Eighteen years' success. Write for our 80-page Dictionary of Diseases, Free. Address

NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASSN. Dept. 20, Arlington Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Too Fat

We will tell you how to reduce your weight, safely, quickly and permanently. Any one can make remedy at home. Sample box, etc., sent absolutely sealed in plain wrapper for 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc. No starving. No sickness. No starvation. No starvation. No starvation.

HALL CHEMICAL CO., Dept. H. E., St. Louis, Mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and 50c. Druggists.

SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER TRUSSES

CURE RUPTURE. Send for illustrated booklet. CHESTERMAN & STREETEN, 25 & 11th St., Phila.

Founded 1860.

A Good Thing

Good things are always
bought freely, and



Hunter Baltimore Rye

has the largest
sale because the
people know the
Best Whiskey
when they taste
it. It is the best
because it is

**Pure, Old,
Mellow**

and never disappoints

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Constipation fills the nation

With a lot of grief,

R.I.P.A.N.S. quickly aid the sickly—

One gives relief.

10 for 5 cents.

At all drug stores.



A Soda Fountain For Every Home

Sparklets

Small steel capsules filled with liquid Carbonic-Acid-Gas.
MAKE ALL DRINKS SPARKLING
For Holiday Presents
nothing can surpass SPARKLET outfit. They will keep
you in kindly remembrance through the entire year.



All Dealers. Write for Booklet.
COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE COMPANY
Broadway and 25th Street, N. Y. City

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Write **DR. J. L.**
STEPHENS CO. Dept. 133 Lehigh, Ohio.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia con-
quered at last. Doctors
puzzled. Specialists
amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by
DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD. Write
no about your case. Advice and proof of cures **Free.**
DR. CHASE, 221 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAYS FREE WEAR-
ING TRIAL in your own home.
We furnish the genuine and only
REIDBERG ALTERNATING
CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any
dealer of this paper. No money in
advance; very low cost; positive
guarantee. COSTS ALMOST
NOTHING compared with most all
other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and
remedies fail. **QUICK CURE** for more than 30 ailments. **ONLY ONE**
CURE for all nervous diseases, weakness and disorders. For complete
sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., - - - CHICAGO.

to Cabmen and straw-colored Soubrettes when
it might as well be Garnered by an Honored
Citizen who would know how to Invest it?
From what you tell me of the Rapid Youth
I conclude that he would be Pie for a crafty
Side-Partner. I am something of an Artist on
the Snake-Down, and when I get through with
the Chorus Girls' Friend he will be Trimmed
right."

Next Day the Young Man was Taken In,
and 18 Months later the steady old Partner
with the Snowy Locks had him eured down
to the Clothes on his Back.

His Fortune was permanently Invested in
an Old and Reliable Establishment and he was
on his Uppers for fair.

Moral: Any one who has the Qualifications
can get in with a First-Class Firm.

SECOND FABLE

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE NEW WRINKLE
ON THE NEW YEAR'S VOW

Once there was a Man who rejoiced to think
that he would not be influenced by any such
fool Custom as Swearing Off on New Year's
Day. In speaking of this Serious Topic he
was almost as scornful and sarcastic as a
Comic Paper.

Instead of pledging himself to give up Cigars
and Late Suppers, he gloried in the Resolve
that he would Smoke whenever he felt like it
and Eat everything he craved.

He had heard that in China all Debts must
be squared on New Year's Day and the Un-
fortunate who cannot Dig Up goes out and
commits Hari-Kari, thus passing his Troubles
along to the Probate Court.

This Bad Man said the Chinese were greater
Heathens than he had supposed. He couldn't
see himself Shuffling Off just because a lot of
Creditors were becoming anxious. He decided,
with gleeful Malice in his Heart, that he would
not pay any Old Debts unless Stood Up for
them, and he sincerely hoped that he would
be able to Stick some one in every Deal he
undertook. He resolved to look out for Num-
ber One and let the Other Fellow walk the
Floor.

To further this very Human Programme, he
went out and bought a lot of Finery on Tick,
hoping that he would be able to dodge Pay-
ment for many Years to come. He tapped his
Prosperous Acquaintances for various Amounts
and started in the New Year by setting at
Defiance all the Rules for Health. He gorm-
mandized until 2 A.M.

Next Day he was folded up like a Pocket
Camera and Dyspepsia Tablets would not
touch the Spot. The Doctor came in and put
him on a perpetual Diet of Hot Water and
Crackers. While he was flat on his Back,
his creditors attached all movable Property
and divided it up.

So all his Honest Debts were paid, and dur-
ing the Year he lived a Regular Life and had
no Bad Habits.

Moral: Many People who don't think so
now will be Reformed during the ensuing Year.

EN PASSANT

MR. SILVERTHREAD stood in his spacious
drawing-room graciously welcoming the
guests who had thronged to his musicale.
Mr. Goldberg, an intimate friend, approached,
and in a whisper asked permission to intro-
duce a few friends, which he did as follows:
"Mr. Myers, seven millions; Mr. Huber,
five millions; Mr. Smith, two millions; Mr.
Miller, one million."

"And who is the gentleman just behind
you?" asked the host.

"He? Oh! he's only a celebrated profes-
sor."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

ROSA BONHEUR

ROSA BONHEUR's studio in Paris is being
rapidly dismantled and all her paintings sent
to their respective purchasers. The cele-
brated animal painter is an exemplification of
the old adage, "A prophet in his own country."
"Alas! my beloved France will never shelter
the offspring of my brush." Her words
were prophetic. It is doubtful whether a
single canvas of hers has found a purchaser
in France; all her best-known works, at least,
have gone to England and America, which
countries have always been singularly appre-
ciative of her work.—*L'Illustration.*

SPANISH COURTESY

SPANISH courtesy is traditional, but it is
doubtful whether the extent to which it is
carried, even by the papers, would be prac-
ticable in any other land. When the Minister
of the Interior Dato visited Barcelona some
time since, he was hoisted and jeered at by
the crowd, and finally forced to leave his car-
riage to escape the storm of stones showered
at him. And yet the Spanish papers in re-
ferring to the occurrence merely remarked
that the Minister met with a respectful though
somewhat frosty reception.

SUSPICIOUS

AUCTIONEER: "Step in, ladies and gentle-
men, and I will show you something that has
never been seen before."

Farmer Hayseed: "Guess we won't go in,
Maria. 'Praps tain't there to-day, neither."
—*Journal Amusant.*

A Novelty Knife is better than any
other good knife.
Our Catalogue tells many reasons why.
One reason—The blades are of finest razor steel,
perfectly tempered and guaranteed. Beneath the
transparent handle is placed name, photo, em-
blems, etc.



Cut is two-thirds size of Senator style.
SENATOR STYLE WE WANT
No. 118, 2 blades, \$1.20 AGENTS
"120, 3 " 1.60 EVERYWHERE
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Good commission paid. Send 2c. stamp for cat-
alogue and terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 40 Bar St., Canton, O.



You will not get left
If you Own
One of the Reliable
"Accurate-to-the-Second"
**DUEBER-HAMPDEN
WATCHES**

LOOK FOR THE NAME "DUEBER" IN CASE
"John Hancock" 21 Jewels For Gentlemen
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Our "Guide to Watch Buyers" Sent Free.
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A GRAND INVENTION!
So confident are we that if you try it and learn of its real comfort
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WE SEND IT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

To be returned at our expense, and your money refunded if not just as
advertised—and the best Cabinet made—what could be more fair?

Our New FOLDING BATH CABINET
1903 Style
300,000 SOLD ANNUALLY. A GENUINE LAWFUL CABINET. GUARANTEED THE BEST
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE, BLUE RIBBON AND DIPLOMA AT EXPOSITIONS.

DESCRIPTION—It is an air-tight, rubber-walled room in
which one comfortably rests on a chair and with the head outside
breathing pure air, enjoys at home for 2c. each, all the cleansing,
curative, invigorating and purifying effects of the famous Turkish
Hot Air, Hot Vapor baths, perfumed or medicated if desired. Hot-
ter and cheaper than any treatment at Turkish Bath Rooms, San-
itariums and Hot Springs. It is not a cheap, flimsy affair, but a
genuine Cabinet, substantial and durable. Finest goods, hand-
somely finished, has every improvement, real floor on hinges,
heavy steel frame, galvanized, best authentic covering, rubber-
lined, only Cabinet large and roomy inside, plenty of room for
hot foot bath and to sponge and fowel the body while inside.
Folds flat, 1 inch square. Easily carried. Weighs 15 pounds.

HOW CAN YOU DUB IT ITS MERIT when such prom-
inent people as Rev. C. M. Kelth, Editor "Holiness Advocate";
Congressman John J. Lente; U. S. Senator Hon. Chauncey D.
Depey; C. H. Fargo, V. Pres. American Express Co.; Chas.
Stoddard, of "Munsey's Magazine"; S. J. Raymond, U. S.
Treas. Dep't; Washington Alice B. Stockham, M.D., Chicago;
and 1,000,000 others use and recommend it?

THE ONLY BATHS THAT PRESERVE HEALTH,
PREVENT Colds, Fevers, Grippe and Disease.
Make clear skin, pure blood, strong nerves, clear
brain, healthy bodies. Make you sleep sound. Beau-
tiful complexion.

WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE RESULTS
1,000,000 users, 25,000 physicians recommend the Quaker,
and it will cure Nervous Troubles, and Debility, Sleep-
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CURE RHEUMATISM—we have offered for four
years a standing reward of \$50.00 for a case not re-
lieved. Cures Woman's Troubles, Headache, Gout,
Piles, Dropsy, Diabetes, all Blood and Skin Diseases,
Liver and Kidney Troubles.

SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE
Before retiring, light stove,
step in Cabinet, close and
fasten door, sit down and you
enjoy a temperature of 100 to
106 degrees F., according to low
or regulate stove. All done
in one minute. Stay in from
15 to 30 minutes—open top cur-
tains, cool off gradually while
you sponge and towel the
body. Impossible to catch
cold or weaken the system.
Perfectly safe and harmless.

SOAP and WATER simply
washes the surface of the skin,
while Vapor bath opens the
pores all over the
body, stimulating the sweat-
glands, washing out all the
poisons in the blood, and the
impure acids, salts, etc., which, if retained, overwork and
weaken the heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, causing disease,
debility and sluggishness.

IT WILL CURE A HARD COLD with one bath, and
prevent Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Asthma,
and is really a household necessity. With the Cab-
inet, if desired, is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMING ATTACHMENT
(the best ever offered) in which the head, face and neck is
given the same vapor treatment as the body. Makes clear
skin, beautiful complexion, cures and prevents pimples,
blotches, blackheads, skin eruptions and diseases. Inval-
uable for Athlete, Catarrh and Bronchitis.

DON'T BE DECEIVED by worthless imitations or
new irresponsible firms who have sprung up like mush-
rooms. Place your order with us and you do business
with an old firm, responsible, Capital \$100,000.00, who
do just as they agree, and are the largest and oldest man-
ufacturers of Bath Cabinets in the World.

The price is remarkably low. Only \$5.00 for Cabinet
complete with best heater and attachments, plain direc-
tions and formulae for 25 baths and various ailments.
Face-steaming attachment \$1.00 extra.

For full information and
WRITE TO-DAY our valuable book free.
Also testimonials from thousands of users. Or, better
still, cut a Cabinet. You won't be disappointed, as we
guarantee every one and refund price paid after 30 days
use if not just as represented.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR BOOKLET, ANYWAY

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN—BIG WAGES—\$50.00
TO \$50.00 WEEKLY at home or to open offices
We are spending \$50,000 advertising this Cabinet, which
you supply it. Most liberal terms and commissions. Be
your own boss. Any energetic man or woman can make \$50.00 to \$100.00 clear daily. Write for our SPECIAL 1901
PROPOSITION, NEW PLANS, TERMS, Etc., FREE. Send your address anyway.

ORDER TO-DAY—We carry 10,000 Cabinets
in stock and ship by ex-
press same day your order is received. Remit by bank
draft, Express Money Order, Post-office Money Order,
Certified Check or Registered Letter.

THE WORLD MFG. CO., 2584 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO



EVEN THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED NIGHTMARE MUST GIVE WAY TO THE HORSELESS VARIETY

Pure Rye Whiskey

4 Full Quarts

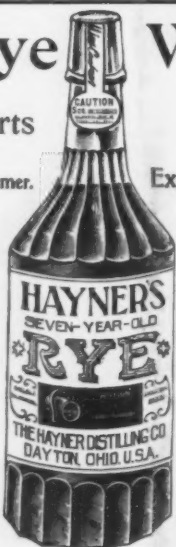
for \$3.20

Direct from Distiller to Consumer.

Express Charges Prepaid.

Our entire product is sold direct to consumers, thus avoiding middlemen's profits and adulteration. If you want pure Whiskey, our offer will interest you.

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20.



Our Distillery was established in 1866. We have enjoyed 33 years' continual growth until we now have one hundred and sixty-five thousand customers throughout the United States who are using Hayner's Whiskey, which is an evidence of true merit. We give you absolutely pure Whiskey at the lowest possible cost. Such Whiskey as we offer for \$3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

References—State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis, Ind. Nat'l Bank, Dayton, or any of the Express Companies. Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight, prepaid.

WRITE TO NEAREST ADDRESS.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO. 226-232 W. Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio. 305-307 S. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.



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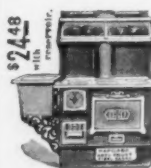
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